

THE
METROPOLITAN.

TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT,

ON HIS SPEECH DELIVERED IN PARLIAMENT, AUGUST 7, RESPECTING
THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ENJOY, Burdett, thy justly foremost fame,
Through good and ill report—through calm and storm—
For forty years the pilot of Reform!
But that which shall afresh entwine thy name
With patriot laurels never to be sear,
Is that thou hast come nobly forth to chide
Our slumb'ring statesmen for their lack of pride—
Their flattery of Oppressors, and their fear—
When Britain's lifted finger, and her frown,
Might call the nations up, and cast their tyrants down!

Invoke the scorn—Alas! too few inherit
The scorn for despots cherish'd by our sires,
That baffled Europe's persecuting fires,
And shelter'd helpless states!—Recall that spirit,
And conjure back Old England's haughty mind—
Convert the men who waver now, and pause
Between their love of self and human kind;
And move, Amphion-like, those hearts of stone—
The hearts that have been deaf to Poland's dying groan!

Tell them, we hold the Rights of Man too dear,
To bless our selves with lonely freedom blest;
But could we hope with sole and selfish breast,
To breathe untroubled Freedom's atmosphere.—
Suppose we wished it? England could not stand
A lone oasis in the desert ground
Of Europe's slavery—from the waste around
Oppression's fiery blast and whirling sand
Would reach and scathe us! No; it may not be,
Britannia and the world conjointly must be free!
Sept. 1832.—VOL. V.—NO. XVII.

Demand, Burdett, why Britons send abroad
 Soft greetings to the infanticidal Czar,
 The Bear on Poland's babes that wages war.
 Once we are told a mother's shriek o'erawed
 A lion, and he dropt her lifted child ;
 But Nicholas, whom neither God, nor law,
 Nor Poland's shrieking mothers overawe,
 Outholds to us his friendship's gory clutch—
 Shrink, Britain—shrink, my king and country, from the touch !

He prays to heaven for England's king, he says—
 And dares he to the God of mercy kneel,
 Besmear'd with massacres from head to heel ?
 No ; Moloch is his god—to him he prays ;
 And if his wierd-like prayers had power to bring
 An influence, their power would be to curse.
 His hate is baleful, but his love is worse—
 A serpent's slaver deadlier than its sting !
 Oh, feeble statesmen—ignominious times,*
 That lick the tyrant's feet, and smile upon his crimes !

T. CAMPBELL.

* There is not upon record a more disgusting scene of Russian hypocrisy, and (woe that must be written!) of British humiliation, than that which passed on board the *Talavera*, when British sailors accepted money from the Emperor Nicholas, and gave him cheers. It will require the *Talavera* to fight well with the first Russian ship that she may have to encounter, to make us forget that day.

THE EVIDENCE ON THE BANK OF ENGLAND CHARTER.

Above all things, good policy is to be used, that the treasures and monies in a state be not gathered unto few hands, for otherwise a state may have a good stock and yet starve ; and money is like muck, no good except it be spread.

BACON.

The object of every description of currency should be to make property as steady and as little variable as possible. The truth lay there, and he who solved that problem would certainly come to the wisest conclusions.

Lord Liverpool's Speech, Feb. 17, 1826.

On the 10th of last month the Chancellor of the Exchequer laid upon the table of the House of Commons, the evidence taken before the Secret Committee on the Bank Charter. The evidence is unaccompanied by any report, as is frequently the case where the country has important interests at stake. This useful plan, it has been found convenient, on several late occasions, to disuse in committees where the facts are at variance with pre-conceived and conceited theories. Why the committee came to such a resolution, is best known to themselves, nor do we presume to enter into a *full* explanation of their motives. The practice itself till of late has been less common, so that much as we dislike the task of speculating on the probable reasons influencing their decision, we cannot neglect the asking ourselves two questions—What are the known opinions of the majority of the members of which the committee was composed? How did the evidence correspond with the previous views of the majority of the committee? This in our estimation is the only satisfactory way to account for the non-production of a report. With the exception of Mr. Matthias Attwood, and Sir James Graham, of whom are the remainder made up? Sir Robert Peel, Sir Henry Parnell, and gentlemen of every hue and shade of theoretical opinion, from Mr. Poulett Thompson to Mr. Warburton, that fluctuate between. We assert, that the composition of the committee satisfactorily accounts for the non-production of a report. Could enlightened men consent to have written a report which would go to stultify themselves, and scatter to the four winds of heaven every pre-entertained notion they had taken such pains to promulgate, and on which the fame of some of them is for the most part built? No, no! one suicidal act in one parliament is enough. That part of the public which has the greatest interest in this question, and we include ninety-nine out of every hundred of the whole population, have a right to complain seriously of the absence of a report, the object of which would be to concentrate the evidence, naturally of a discursive nature,—to define clearly the meaning of each witness, and to remove doubt and cavil likely to arise from the distracted and straggling manner of asking questions in committees. There is scarce a trick of political intrigue, or manœuvring, of friendly advice or intimidation, that has not in this instance been resorted to by the friends of the present system; and the stale influence of the charlatan school of political economists has succeeded in quashing the report. The amiable good-nature of

Lord Althorp has yielded to his sterner sense, and the evidence is published without the committee having come to any expressed opinion.

The evidence itself is indeed a boon;—sufficient for every purpose of triumph, if the melancholy prostration of industry could for one moment allow a cheer. For practical purposes a report would have been most valuable; on that government could have acted in the event of an emergency, not unlikely to happen before the assembling of the reformed parliament. It would have reduced the points at issue into a debateable form, by preventing the garbling of testimony from the legitimate intention of the witness. At any rate, the public have now the benefit of perusing a series of questions and answers, which will expose the beauty of our monetary laws, that have obtained the eulogy of political doctrinaires, and whose foundations were laid in 1819 by that profound philosopher and statesman—the present Sir Robert Peel. That this inquiry should originate from the very perfection of a system, seems extraordinary; but such is the fate of sublunary wisdom, and the revolution of opinion, that the very axioms of the science are now become a question. These laws have been greatly extolled as the fruits of wisdom and deep research—alas! for system-mongers, the light of experience discloses the emptiness of their brains. Such is the fact, and it will ever attend the assumption of ignorance, miscalling itself philosophy; for now, after many years of bitter suffering, with but one or two brief intervals of remission or rest, the age of empiricism is fast ebbing to its neap. A gloomy satisfaction remains with those whose convictions of injustice have been induced through the severity of their sufferings. Could inflexible justice be administered, a disgorging, as in the case of the South Sea bubble, should be demanded from those whose pernicious doctrines and abandoned principles have led us into the adoption of measures, which have involved the country in unparalleled distress.

The evidence of the Bank Charter committee is extensive, and from the late period of the month at which it has been furnished to us, we must confine our extracts to the evidence of one or two of the Bank Directors; but we shall take an early opportunity of going through the whole.

The *ostensible* object of the Bank Charter committee was an inquiry into the propriety of recommending to parliament a renewal or abolition of any or all of its exclusive privileges. The *real* object of the committee turned out to be an investigation of the principle on which the issues of the Bank of England have been regulated since 1819, which finished the series of attempts to restore cash payments, or the payment in the ancient metallic standard 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce for gold of the national debt, mortgages, royalties, and settlements, contracted in a depreciated currency of 5*l.* 10*s.* per ounce.

From so long ago as 1810, the subject of cash payments, then agitated for party purposes, has been more or less discussed. The sordid advocates of this measure prevailed on the government in that year to appoint a bullion committee, from whence proceeded an elaborate report. The year 1819 is, however, the period from whence must be dated the commencement of the present system. The existing mo-

netary laws are similar to those previous to the bank restriction of 1797, except in two most material points, by which their severity is more than doubled. The difference in the laws of the two periods is the act of 1816, that restricted the legality of the silver tender to 40s., which, since the year 1773, could be tendered in payment to the amount of twenty-five pounds, and before then to any amount. The other exception is the present prohibition of the issue of promissory notes under five pounds, which before the period of the restriction, and up to the period of 1819, supplied principally the circulating medium of the country. The present monetary laws, therefore, with the above two very important restrictions, are the same in principle as those anterior to 1797, and the same, as far as the standard is concerned, as were settled after much debate and discussion in the year 1717.

Gold, at the standard price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce, is the only medium of legal exchange in England in any transaction above 40s., and every creditor, national or private, has a right to demand, not the representative of its value, but the veritable substance itself. England is the only country where this law in respect to gold exists, and the people of other nations are content, when gold is wanted for particular purposes, to pay an agio for its use.

When the standard price of gold was fixed, we have no doubt that the greatest care was taken to ascertain the real measure of its value by comparison with the price of corn, the necessities of life, and all other commodities, with the burthen of taxation—of fixed national incumbrances—the condition of the then productive powers—the habits of the people—the activity of manufactures and commerce—and, above all, of the *supply of the precious metals themselves*.

These things being duly weighed and considered, we admit that in 1717 the price of gold was fairly adjusted; and from the eminent character of the philosophers who were called upon by George I. to decide this difficult question, with their judgment we are now less disposed to find fault. Our present business is to show the disparity which the *supply of the precious metals* bears in 1832, compared with 1717, to our present productive powers—the price of corn and the necessities of life—taxation and the fixed national incumbrances—the growth of habits of luxury—the activity of manufactures and commerce.

	1717.			1832.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Price of gold	3	17	10½	3	17	10½
Annual production of bullion	8,000,000			5,000,000		
Price of wheat		37	4		61	4
National debt	54,145,363			788,056,121		
Taxation	6,633,581			47,858,427		
Exports	6,045,432			55,000,000		

The above table will at once show the increase of the productive powers—of the price of bread—of exports—of taxation—of the national debt in an extraordinary ratio, while the produce of that commodity on which the legislature has fixed as the representative of all the rest, has considerably fallen off, and its real value been enhanced, while its nominal and legal value remain as before, when the creative powers of mankind were in their cradle and before they had assumed those gigantic dimensions, which are now the astonishment of the civilised world.

It will scarcely be believed in this period of the world, when the advancement of learning is so justly boasted over former times, that so much ignorance and error should prevail on a subject which, of all others, "comes home to our business and bosoms." On a misconception of this question has depended the misery of the aggregate population, influencing the state of morals, originating crimes for ferocity and sordid calculation, unexampled in the history of criminal jurisprudence. Amongst many others may be named, murder for the sale of the body, the prevalence of agricultural arson, the desperation which impels the commission of offences to qualify for transportation, the wonderful activity of impudent and daring larcenies, and the habits of idleness which a state of universal pauperism entails. These, with an extended catalogue of countless depravities, are the crimes which come under the eye of the state, and have increased criminal statistics in thirty years nine hundred per cent. Again, were we to turn our attention for a few moments to painfully authentic facts concerning the hovels which afford shelter to the vast mass of the industrious classes in Manchester, Birmingham, Macclesfield, Leeds, Glasgow, and in every district where once remunerating national industry was carried on, the imagination would turn from it with indignation: nor are the agricultural districts less exempt—the workhouses are full to overflowing, and the profits of the farmer are eaten up in rates.

There can no longer *be any doubt* as to the cause of the present distress. Indeed, amongst men who have professed to understand the subject, there has never existed but one opinion; and it is here worthy of remark, that the propounders of the opposite theories have never disagreed. The mask has been at length taken off. No longer deceived by an appeal to vulgar prejudices, with revised opinions and reversed confidence, the productive classes will be enabled to see, that by promoting the mania of cheap markets they take effectual measures to starve themselves. Soon will most of the unthinking of the industrious comprehend that the value of every thing depends on their own labour, without which every thing is comparatively worthless. The quantity of labour determines price. Gold itself is the produce of labour, and is absolutely sold much under the cost of production, the reason of which the existence of national debt will explain. To depreciate labour, or to desire that commodities on which labour is expended should be sold cheap, is literally to desire ruin. Taxation and the interest of the national debt are annually paid from the enormous labour of the productive classes. If the revenue were paid in labour at its market rate in 1814, or during the time the national debt was in the process of accumulation, very little more labour than one half would be required. We now pay as *much more* labour as in 1814, to liquidate an equal amount of taxes. These are the truths which will soon become universally known and acknowledged, but the amount of human suffering that has been experienced since this country has adopted false principles of currency, by following the advice of Jews and interested economists, is enough to excite our warmest indignation. Little should we be surprised, when popular fury becomes quite alive to the atrocious motives which have unjustifiably subjected a whole people to privation and suffering, should

it seek to wreak itself on the properties, if not on the persons, of the guilty parties.

The last expiring effort of the political economists' schoolmen has been an attack on the Bank of England, at which, with much adroitness and good generalship, they have endeavoured to throw all the dirt, forgetting at the same time they were digging away the sandy foundation of their own reputation. The charter of the Bank of England we have no desire to defend; on the contrary, we consider the exclusive privileges of the Bank, slave as it has been to the influence of every government, injurious to the public liberty as well as weal. Acting wisely, the public will avail themselves of its expiring charter to divorce Mammon from the state.

The Bank of England has, however, been of late the passive instrument of oppression through the laws, the pertinacious observance of which has excited so much the bile of the very set of men who framed them. We look towards the Bank in vain to find fault. Before reading the evidence of the governor of the Bank and Mr. Ward, one of the directors, the public mind, through the press, will be prepared for an *exposé* of arbitrary principles in the direction, but their disappointment will be complete. For the frequent contractions, and the low amount of its issues since 1825, the Bank has been frequently subjected to blame: it will appear, however, from the evidence, with which indeed no one at all acquainted with the subject was not before fully apprised, that not the directors of the Bank, but the currency laws of 1819, were in fault, and that all this outcry is a mean endeavour to shift the blame, for a while, from shoulders where it must eventually light. So far from its being for the interest of the Bank of England to contract its issues, it will be seen from the evidence that the contrary is the fact. The charge of capriciousness in expanding or contracting the circulation, will also fall to the ground, when the public fully understand the principle of currency they have been doomed to suffer from since 1819, from what is commonly called "Peel's Bill."

Of the operation of this Bill, the intelligent directors were fully aware in 1819; and while the Bill was in embryo, and before it had been hatched in the brain of the Right Honourable Gentleman, the directors of the Bank of England drew up and presented an admirable *remonstrance* by way of memorial to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This *remonstrance* is neither more nor less than a shrewd anticipation of the frightful devastation and havoc which the enactment of this bill has effected throughout all the great productive interests of the country. It is deserving of being printed in letters of gold, and is highly creditable to the Bank directors—it will immediately exculpate them from the odium that in the absence of their explanation has been carefully heaped upon them; and what we are most anxious should be well appreciated, will remove the veil from the real offenders, who have artfully placed the Bank between themselves and public contempt. It would exceed our limits to give this remonstrance of the Bank of England at full length, but we cannot refrain from offering one or two extracts, which will show the apprehensions entertained of the disastrous result of the measure.

"It is impossible for them to decide beforehand, what shall be the course of events for the next two, much less for the next four years; they have no right to hazard a *flattering conjecture*, for which they have not real grounds, in which they may be *disappointed*, and for which they may be considered responsible. They cannot venture to advise an *unrelenting continuance* of pecuniary pressures upon the commercial world, of which it is impossible for them either to foresee or estimate the consequences."

"The directors have already submitted to the House of Lords the expediency of the Bank paying its notes in bullion, *at the market price of the day*, with a view of seeing how far favourable commercial balances may operate in restoring the former order of things, of which they may take advantage; and with a similar view they have proposed, that government should repay the Bank a considerable part of the sums that have been advanced upon Exchequer bills."

"The directors being thus obliged to extend their views, and embrace the interest of the whole community, in their consideration of this measure, cannot but feel a repugnance, however involuntary, to *pledge themselves in approbation of a system*, which in their opinion, in all its great tendencies and operations, concerns the country in general more than the immediate interests of the Bank alone."

"But when the directors are now to be called upon, in the new situation in which they are placed by the Restriction Act, to procure a fund for supporting the whole national currency, either in bullion or in coin, and when it is proposed that they should effect this measure within a given period, by regulating the market price of gold by a limitation of the amount of the issue of bank notes, with whatever distress such limitation may be attended to individuals, or the community at large; they feel it their bounden and imperious duty to state their sentiments thus explicitly, in the first instance, to his majesty's ministers, on this subject, that a tacit consent and concurrence at this juncture may not, at *some future period*, be construed into a previous implied sanction on their part, of a system, which they cannot but consider fraught with very great uncertainty and risk."

The ministers were, however, deaf to all advice, remonstrance, or intreaty; the example of 1816, calamitous from apprehension, had been experienced in vain, and the bill of 1819 prepared the way to suffering more wide-spread and ruinous than any that has ever fallen upon an undeserving, industrious people, through the dogmatism of a wild infatuation.

In the course of the next few succeeding years after 1819, the prophecies of the Bank of England were verified far beyond the letter. The warnings of Mr. Western and Mr. Attwood, two members of parliament, who distinguished themselves on this occasion, were uttered amidst deafening and empty jeers. Mr. Western, as a proof of the sincerity of his motives, called a meeting of his numerous tenantry, at Chelmsford; and too honest to partake in the spoil he well knew to be approaching, reduced the rents of his estates *fifty per cent.*

Distress made rapid strides in 1820, 1821, 1822. At the eleventh hour, (and the state of 1822 is much like the present,) amidst losses and stagnation, the government, fearing the co-herent links of the social chain were about to sever—for through oppression, all gratitude on the part of the people had justly become extinct—assailed on all sides, and surrounded with difficulties, made an appeal to the Bank, professedly, as Mr. Huskisson expresses it, to "*revive speculation*" by an extraordinary issue of 4,000,000*l.* This, be it remembered, though highly beneficial to the sinking interests of the country, was an *expedient* in direct contradiction to the principles of "*Peel's Bill*," and in its connexion with other issues for financial purposes which we must directly explain, by deranging the exchanges, eventually produced the panic.

The government was completely ignorant of the nature of money or its influence on the real business of life. On this subject they had no fixed principles or statesman-like views; in difficulties their only resort was in temporising compliances, which only stayed the evil day, and, ultimately, had the fate of all shifts. The issue of 4,000,000*l.* in 1822 was a submission of this kind. In 1819 cash payments were to be restored at any cost; in 1822 prosperity, which cash payments had exiled, was to be recalled, without looking to the future. The law of 1819 was therefore violated, and the success which this country experienced in 1824 and 1825, was at the risk of the panic. No truth is therefore more obvious, than that this country has for ever bid adieu to happiness and prosperity, so long as the laws exist which regulate the circulation by the exchanges. It is still possible to restore, as in 1824 and 1825, a real prosperity for a short period; but as in 1825, the ordeal of panic must again be endured.

On the situation of ministers in 1822, and their anxiety to "revive speculation," Mr. Ward's evidence is clear.

"2015.—You have stated that the increase of Bank notes, which took place between 1822 and 1825, would have an obvious tendency to derange the exchanges; do you recollect, that when his majesty's government, in 1822, decided upon the plan of putting an additional four millions of Bank notes into circulation, it was then stated by Mr. Huskisson, that one of the chief objects his majesty's government had in that operation, was to revive speculation, which was then dormant; upon which revival his majesty's government placed their main hope of restoring the prosperity of the country; and do you not consider, that the increase that was occasioned, would have a natural tendency to revive and to increase speculation?—I recollect distinctly many of the circumstances referred to, though perhaps not in the order in which they have been stated. Government had at that time received many complaints relating to the agricultural distress, and the depression of prices; and I think the price of wheat was at one time as low as 37*s.*—the average for the year was as low as about 43*s.* My own opinion is, that whatever circumstances were in operation, one of the most unfavourable circumstances that occasioned the low prices, was the very low state of the aggregate currency of the country. I stated in my former examination, that the amount of country notes, which had been at twenty millions, had become reduced in one year to sixteen millions, and had been then reduced to eleven millions; and by the year 1821, it had been reduced to seven millions sterling: the consequence was, that not only prices were low, but that a disinclination to transact business, and a great deal of positive evil existed; and I think the agriculturists had a clear right to complain of that circumstance. I think government had a clear right to restore the prices, in some degree to relieve them from that depression, and I do not know any other means by which it could be done, than by giving them at least as good a currency, as full a currency, as was legitimate in connexion with the laws relative to currency. When the season of 1822 arrived, I think it was a very wise measure to try to stimulate prices; I believe that moderate speculation itself is a good rather than an evil; but that the difficulty is in regulating the degree. If persons, when once speculation is set a going, carry it to a preposterous extent, they must take the consequences of it; but I do consider it beneficial to the country that there should be a certain degree of enterprise; and there was a great want of what I should call a legitimate degree of enterprise at that period, and a depression of price in consequence, of which I think the parties were entitled to ask for relief. I am saying this, always with regard to the legitimate bounds prescribed for currency. As long as we could administer an increase of notes with the exchanges greatly in favour of the country, by a sufficient supply of gold, I think the country had a right to obtain that action upon the prices that a sufficient currency would give them, and that they had a great insufficiency previously."

"1909.—Can you state any opinion of what was the cause of the exchanges becoming unfavourable in the autumn of 1824?—I could give an opinion upon it at the present moment, that I could not have given at the time. I believe the

truth will turn out to be this, that there has been over and over again a very powerful effect produced upon the country circulation, which is not known at the moment at the Bank, but it becomes known afterwards; and the country bank notes had been in a most extraordinary manner reduced shortly after Mr. Peel's Bill in 1819. In the year 1820, it had become reduced to about eleven millions, having been sixteen millions the previous year, and twenty millions the year before; then, in the year 1821, they were reduced as low as seven millions; then the effect of that would be produced about the year 1822, for the effect does not follow the alteration immediately; then I cannot help thinking there was a great increase in the country bank circulations in the intermediate time, between 1822 and 1824; I should think that would have lowered the exchange to a point of some degree of depression. Then it usually happens, when you have carried a thing to an extreme point on one side, circumstances and prices become altered, and that occasions the effect of a declining exchange. There seems to have been for the whole period, since the peace, a system of that kind of fluctuation, which is, I think, very much to be regretted, but the whole causes of which we do not always know at the moment. We can judge of it in bad harvests, and we can judge of our own amount of circulation, and we can tell the complexion of the exchanges, but we can never tell the exact amount of the country circulation. The country circulation is of course very much in the hands of the public, and any decrease of demands upon the part of the public must act upon the country banker as well as upon the Bank of England, in some degree. Perhaps with a little refreshing of my memory, I might be able to state more particularly what occasioned the alteration of exchanges at that time; but the leading point I should mention as the most probable, occurring to me at this moment, is, that I think there must have been a greater increase of the circulating medium."

In answer to another question relative to the opinion of the government in extending the issue of the Bank—

"1781.—In speaking of the increase of notes in 1822, you said that in 1822 it was found necessary to relax the monetary system of the Bank; did you mean by that, that it was necessary to increase the circulation of Bank notes?—Yes; it became necessary to increase the securities.

"1782.—Was that the opinion of the government at that time, do you think?—I think it was the opinion of the government at that time; but it was certainly the opinion of the Bank."

One-pound notes were again permitted to be issued, and the interference of the Government produced the desired end—the return of prosperity, and *plenty of speculation*. In two years, where before was gloom, joy shone forth. Ministers congratulated the parliament on a *sound* system of currency, which it was never possible could be disturbed. At the moment these compliments were paying, the ingredients of convulsion were collecting—the approaching storm was seen by some at a distance; but this is not the first time that the state has been on a quicksand without being aware of its danger. During these congratulations the prices of three per cents, which were in May 1822, 78, were, in January 1824, 91, and in April following, 96. The high price of stock induced the ministry to turn their attention to the reduction of the four per cents; and the Bank was asked if Government might expect its assistance. To this the Bank readily assented, as it had done in the previous issue of the 4,000,000 in 1822; and in the paying off, in the last-named year, 2,727,247*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* dissentients five per cents, believing that as ministers had taken the circulation entirely into their own hands, and having induced them to abandon the principle of issues laid down by "Peel's Bill," they were prepared to take decisive steps the moment any difficulty or crisis arose.

The state of the revenue, and other favourable circumstances at

the beginning of 1824, induced the Chancellor of the Exchequer to entertain this project. This reduction, though contemplated in January, did not however take place until October. To pay off the dissentients 5,910,130*l.* was required to be furnished by the Bank, which, together with 4,000,000*l.* to "revive speculation," and 2,727,247*l.* paid to the dissentient five per cents in 1822, increased the supply of money to the public over and above the natural demands of commerce 12,637,377*l.* On this point, and the good effect of these issues, Mr. Ward is very precise.

" William Ward, Esq. 1893.—Can you state what was the amount of the dissentient four per Cent?—The original agreement was a very large sum; the sum actually paid was about five millions sterling. The Bank did not take any very active steps in that quarter to reduce its issues; but it is necessary to state, that the last quarter of a year is invariably the most unfavourable for effecting such a purpose; it is the period of the year before Christmas, when money is rather scarce, and when there is very little exported; it is not the most animated time of the year in trade, and it is not, under any circumstances, a quarter when I should prefer acting too tenaciously upon that principle of reduction. But I may be allowed to state, that as far as it is possible to have the means of judging, of whether it was or was not satisfactory. On the meeting of parliament in February 1825, Lord Liverpool did distinctly express, in the strongest possible terms, his confidence in the state of the currency; and it is the only time, either before or since, when I recollect a minister of this country advert to the soundness of the currency upon such an occasion. After detailing the great prosperity at which he considered the country arrived, he superadded, as the most satisfactory part, the sound state in which he considered the currency to be. I state this to show that if there had been any thing strikingly wrong, I think the probability is, that he would not have made that assertion; I am not therefore meaning to say, that I hold him responsible for that, but I do not think that assertion would have been made, if in his estimation there had been at the time any thing materially discrepant in currency deserving of comment.

" 1896.—Will you state what that was?—It was rather of a peculiar character. The Chancellor of the Exchequer at that day, the present Lord Goderich, made inquiry of the Bank, as early as January 1824, whether they would undertake to supply a certain sum, in case it should be wanted, in connexion with a financial measure, that of reducing the four per cents. to three and a half. At the time he made that application, the exchanges were in favour of this country; it was peculiarly desirable for all parties that an extension should take place; indeed, a too deficient circulation had been much complained of for two or three years previously to that, but unfortunately the undertaking took place in January, and the carrying it into effect did not take place till October; but then fortunately, in an opposite direction, the revenue had been found to improve so much, that a great deal of money had been brought to the Bank for the purposes of revenue, that most materially qualified the effect that the issue of five millions would otherwise have produced.

" 2013.—Do you think that the government could have effected the operation of reducing the interest of the debt without that increase of the circulation of the Bank, which took place at that period?—I do not know whether it could or could not; the reduction of the four per cents. differed from the other reductions that have taken place, for the reductions took place, or at least the arrangements were made for it, when the three and a half per cent. stock was under par. When Lord Goderich determined to reduce the four per cents. to three and a half per cent., the three and a half per cents. were under par, so that he virtually undertook a bold measure; but he was warranted by the existence of a *bonâ fide* surplus income, I believe greater than any that has occurred either before or since.

" 2014.—Do you think that advance would have taken place unless the Bank of England had increased its circulation between 1822 and 1825?—I am not sure whether it would or would not, but I think that his measure was a much bolder one than other measures have been; but he was in a great degree justified by the actual position of the revenue. I think the revenue amounted to 6,700,000*l.* surplus that year, and public balances at the Bank indicated an unusual supply of money coming in from the public, that certainly authorised more being attempted than had been attempted on any former occasion.

" 2032.—Are you aware that the King stated, in his speech upon the 3rd of February 1825, that there never was a period in the history of the country in which all the great interests of the country were in so thriving a condition?—I am aware of that.

" 2004.—It appears that the price of three per cents., in February 1822, was 76½, in February 1823 they were 74, and in February 1825 they were 94; do you think that speculation of any kind could be the cause of that increase in the price of three per cent. Consols?—There are more things than one that occasion the high and low price of stock.

" 2005.—Do you think that speculation could have produced that effect?—I do not think it could; I think it must have arisen from *bond fide* surplus capital for investment. I think a good proportion of it would be of that description."

The issue of 12,637,377*l.* in the space of two years, without this being as it were applied immediately in commerce or manufactures, caused of course a plentifulness of money, and a consequent thirst for investment on the part of the holders: out of this sprung the insane speculation which prevailed in 1825. The speculators did not belong in general to the commercial classes, but were persons unhabituated to trade, having money to employ, and whose general knowledge of business might be ascertained by reference to the absurd schemes in which they fancied a fortune might be suddenly acquired. We do not say that amongst commercial men there was no speculations, or that none of their body were involved in the general mania. Merchants partook of the spirit of the times; but produce was not higher than had been realized for the same description of articles before the termination of the war, or in 1818, the year before the passing of "Peel's Bill." But we assert that had not persons other than merchants and traders, amongst whom were several noble lords and members of parliament, meddled with speculations, little or nothing would have been heard of them. The state of the markets for produce did not indicate any feverish or excited appearance to justify the accusation of speculation. It was the holders of the greater part of this superfluous twelve millions, scarce any of whom were engaged in trade, and not merchants or traders, that merited the just ridicule bestowed on that period. This takes off the onus from the backs of the country bankers, (than whom a more useful and important body does not exist,) of assisting in this mania. With one or two exceptions, the speculations originated in London, and for the most part the speculators resided there. That the circulation of the country bankers was not so great in proportion to the Bank of England paper, at the period of the panic, as at any former period, will be seen below.

Account of Stamp Duty paid by Country Bankers for notes under five pounds in the following years.

	Bank of England circulation.		Bank of England circulation.
1818 63,380	27,221,200	1824 39,694	20,135,360
1819 73,656	25,145,310	1825 51,028	20,105,030
137,036	52,366,510	90,722	40,240,390

But it always suits the convenience of some, and particularly of a government, to get out of any error it may have itself

committed, by blaming any other body. Such was the case here. The government was alone responsible; but the most defenceless party were the country bankers, and opprobrium was lavished on them without mercy. This was caught up, and to this day justice has not been done to the country bankers, a large portion of whose property fell a sacrifice to the ignorant intermeddling of ministers. The fact is, as the above return proves, the circulation of the country banks was not excessive, comparing one period with another.

Their circulation was only called forth by the honest demands of their customers, of whose characters and solvency it has never been disputed, country bankers possess a more extensive knowledge than can be obtained in the metropolis. Mr. Ward has the same view with regard to an undue facility of discounts in 1825.

" 1996.—Had the speculation the effect of drawing bank notes from the Bank?—I cannot say; there was a great depression of prices previously to the year 1822, and directly the prices rose, there might have been an increase of notes generally, including country notes.

" 1997.—There having been an increase of bank notes between February 1822 and February 1825, without any corresponding increase of discounts by the Bank during that period, but with a diminution of discounts; was the increase of bank notes occasioned by advances of any kind to the mercantile community?—No.

" 1998.—Then the speculation of the mercantile community was no occasion of that increased issue of the paper of the Bank?—Not through the channel of discounts.

" 1999.—Is there any other channel by which the mercantile community could have drawn any material amount of notes from the Bank?—Not of Bank of England notes."

The government having prevailed on the Bank to depart from the rule of currency which the bill of 1819 obliged it to observe, and which departure subjected the country to the panic, left the Bank and the country in the time of their utmost need to the "pelting of the pitiless storm," which the unfavourable state of the exchanges in December 1825 drew down, and which had been gathering to fury during the course of 1821, 1823, 1824, 1825. At the commencement of the panic, the treasure of the Bank was below 1,300,000*l.*; and before it had ceased, the security which "Peel's Bill" gave to the contracts and engagements, both public and private, hung upon the slender hair of 100,000*l.*!!! Mr. Harman's description of December 1825 is vivid.

" Jeremiah Harman, Esq. 2224.—Did any communication take place between the Bank and government respecting an order in council to restrain payment in gold at that period?—Yes, it was suggested by the Bank.

" 2225.—What answer did his majesty's government give to that?—They resisted it from first to last.

" 2226.—Did the government suggest any other course, in refusing the suggestion of the Bank?—No, they left the Bank to act at its discretion, hoping that the panic would subside; and it is to be observed, that though our treasure was so much reduced, even much more reduced as we approached the crisis, we were at that period receiving gold, because we strained every nerve to get gold from the continent. Bullion came in, and the mint coined, they worked double tides; in short, they were at work night and day; we were perpetually receiving gold from abroad, and coin from the mint.

" 2227.—Was there a period, in December 1825, during which the Bank contemplated the great probability of being entirely exhausted of gold?—At the latter end of 1825, decidedly.

" 2228.—Do you recollect the lowest quantity of gold which the Bank possessed

during any period of December 1825?—No, I do not remember immediately; but it was *miserably low*.

“ 2229.—Was it under the 1,300,000*l.* you have mentioned?—Unquestionably.

“ 2230.—It was stated by the late Mr. Huskisson to a member of the House of Commons, that he, as a member of the administration at that time, suggested to the Bank that if their gold was exhausted, they should place a paper against their doors, stating that they had not gold to pay with, but might expect to have gold to recommence payment in a short period; do you recollect such a suggestion?—There was such a suggestion.

“ 2231.—What would, in your opinion, have been the consequence of that paper placed against the door of the Bank, without preparation to support commercial and financial credit?—I hardly know how to contemplate it.

“ 2232.—The Bank of England issued 1*l.* notes at that period: was that done to protect its remaining treasure?—Decidedly, and it worked wonders; and it was by great good luck that we had the means of doing it, because one box, containing a quantity of 1*l.* notes had been overlooked, and they were forthcoming at the lucky moment.

“ 2233.—Had there been no foresight in the preparation of those 1*l.* notes?—None whatever, I solemnly declare.

“ 2234.—Do you think that issuing of the 1*l.* notes saved the Bank?—As far as my judgment goes, it saved the credit of the country.”

We shall dismiss this part of our evidence, on which we have found it necessary to dwell, with merely one remark upon the ministers' apathetic apprehensions of the mischief, and the sum they thought capable of allaying the ferment which then raged, when 100,000*l.* only remained to shield England's financial and monetary *glory* from the abyss of commercial and universal bankruptcy. Will it be believed that Lord Liverpool and the Chancellor of the Exchequer thought the purchase of 200,000*l.* exchequer bills would stop panic! Again, on the 13th December, 300,000*l.* more was thought sufficient. Was this enough? On the 14th February 1826, 2,000,000*l.* exchequer bills were again purchased; and at last, the commercial distress was so great, although panic had gone away, the government ordered the Bank, 28th February 1826, to lend 3,000,000*l.* on “*any securities whatever*.”

The most important part of our subject is yet to come. It is the evidence touching the regulation of the circulation adopted since 1827 by the Bank *with rigid and inflexible purpose*. When the evidence of the governor and other witnesses is read, and the effect of the system fully understood in all its obnoxious consequences to the profits and property of every industrious and laborious man, the length to which his disgust and indignation will carry him, will be difficult to imagine. That his feelings will be much excited we doubt not; but we trust that they may be restrained by proper considerations—redress must soon follow conviction; at present his greatest enemies are his own prejudices.

In 1826, when panic fear had subsided, but while yet its effects were felt, it became the deep resolve of government to place our monetary laws on a *solid* basis. The object was now to quash the speculation, which its former policy had “revived”—to bring back the turbulent and unsettled times and distresses of 1822. This it was not difficult to do. “Peel's Bill” was already cut and dry, and only required to be re-enacted to produce the desired result. To this the ministry resorted as an infallible medicament to heal all the disorders of the state. Such imbecile and vacillating policy is in-

deed worthy of contempt. If ministers did not understand the grave question with which they professed to deal, why did they not constitute a parliamentary committee in 1826, to inquire into and adjust that which was wrong in the monetary affairs of the nation? Ministers were too wise in their own conceit to stoop to take advice, and those of them, as Sir James Graham expresses it, that were "connected with annuities" evidently saw the way to the improvement of their own fortune;—to them prudent counsel was suggested in vain. Nothing could avert the blow of 1826. It was *even* popular, as the public mind was not so sufficiently versed in the deep mysteries of the science of money, as to be able to see that not speculation, (of which the government of 1822 was so enamoured,) nor the country bankers were in fault, but simply the bungling legislators of 1819, who had established as law that all debts should be paid not on demand only, but in *gold*, at the dear, because low, rate of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per oz. The public blamed both over-speculation and the country bankers for the panic, and the renewed yoke of 1819 was submitted to without a murmur.

The Bank of England was now to prepare in earnest for the observance of this law. The exchanges were to be watched with vigilance as the only indicators of prosperity or adversity, or a scarce or plentiful currency. Now, for the second time, the interest and security of the Bank began to pull contrariwise to the public welfare. The Bank now held prices continually in check. To this end it became imperative that the wages of the industrious classes, to prevent a destructive run upon the Bank, should fall, nor ever by any chance reach a rate of comfortable competence—the property of the capitalist, agriculturist, and the manufacturer, fell a silent sacrifice to this constant action of the Bank. This accounts for the absurdity of "over-production and over-population," which, while they have both appeared to exist at the same time, are irreconcilable to common sense. Shallow, self-styled political economists have pretended to account for their existence; their reasons have captivated many as common-place as themselves, but it has exposed them to the sneer of men of practical understanding.

The stoical indifference with which the governor of the Bank gives his evidence is most provoking; there is in it, here and there, a subdued tone of contempt for the committee, who appeared to learn for the first time the appalling fact, that the system of limited circulation, beyond which the prudential anxiety of the directors could not reach, has been one of spoliation and robbery of the darkest and most criminal kind, of which the public have been the unwary and unthinking victims.

The public mind is at present asleep to this important information; the hour, thank God! is not distant when their real situation will burst upon them, and heart and hand, if necessary, will not be wanting to procure redress. At present, the people of England are like mariners in a fog, who despair of reaching the shore—the sun peeps forth, and to their joy they discover themselves close to the land, and riding in a safe harbour. We subjoin Mr. Palmer's evidence on the reduction of prices by contracting the circulation, it is so

explicit of itself, that to daub it with explanation would be superfluous.

" 678.—What is the process by which the Bank would calculate upon rectifying the exchange, by means of a reduction of its issues?—The first operation is to increase the value of money: with the increased value of money there is less facility obtained by the commercial public in the discount of their paper; that naturally tends to limit transactions and to the reduction of prices; the reduction of prices will so far alter our situation with foreign countries, that it will be no longer an object to import; the gold and silver will then come back into the country, and rectify the contraction that previously existed.

" 679.—Then the object of reducing the circulation, is the reduction of prices?—It is a natural consequence of an unfavourable change.

" 680.—And that reduction is the means of bringing back the gold, and placing the Bank in a position of security?—Precisely so.

" 681.—Could you contemplate the reduction of prices between August 1830 and February 1832, without expecting great commercial calamities, and distress, and embarrassment throughout the country?—Whether the exchange has been rectified by a fall of our prices and their subsequent rise, or by a previous fall of the foreign prices and their subsequent rise, I do not pretend to answer at the present moment; but I am rather disposed to think that it has been more acted upon by the state of the continent, than by any great fluctuation of prices in this country.

" 682.—Would not the reduction be unnecessary in that case?—It depends upon the duration of the foreign discredit.

" 683.—Could a reduction take place here without a great reduction of prices?—I think eventually, prices must fall.

" 684.—You say that the present low rate of prices is to be ascribed to the operation of the reduction of Bank notes?—I have made no admission of low prices, but that may probably be the case in some degree.

" 697.—Must not, then, the alternations which take place in your extension and contraction of your circulation, keep the prices in this country in a state of constant change and revolution?—If there be frequent contraction and expansion, there may be frequent fluctuation of prices.

" 720.—At present then, the management of the affairs at the Bank, so far as relates to the management of the circulating medium of the country, is under the controul of the directors of the Bank, who are not responsible to the public for the correct management of the monetary system?—I believe so.

" 808.—Do you see any inconvenience that would result from giving a power to government by some means to compel the directors to provide a larger stock of gold, not exceeding the proportion of one-third?—I am not aware that there would be any other means of the government exercising such a power, than by directing the Bank, if they saw fit, to contract the amount of circulating money, which contraction would eventually act upon the whole circulation of the country. There is no order that could be made, which would enable the Bank to obtain a permanent increase to its stock of gold, otherwise than through a reduction in the general prices of the country, unless the Bank were possessed of a stock of silver bullion which they might exchange for gold.

" 809.—Are there any means of compelling the Bank to provide a sufficient quantity of gold?—The Bank has only the means of obtaining an increased quantity, if it be deemed desirable, by contracting its issues, thereby creating a scarcity of money, and consequent fall of prices."

Mr. Ward supplies the data at which this became the acknowledged system of the Bank.

" 2033.—In 1822, the Bank had unavoidably violated the principle of currency, and they would be under the necessity of doing so again under similar circumstances, but that was caused by the state requiring that gold should be procured at any cost. You must violate the principle of currency in order to get a supply of gold?—The only thing I am able to answer for is, as to the intention of the Bank to keep steadily in view the prerogative of the crown, which decides what the gold currency shall be, and to make the paper conform to that gold, which is its prototype, to the best of its ability.

" 2074.—From what period is it that the Bank directors have conducted them-

selves generally upon the principles you mention, of regulating their issues by the state of foreign exchanges?—It may be recollected that in the year 1819, when the committee sat, there were some resolutions forwarded to the committee from the Bank, stating some of the principles they had regarded; and it will be recollected that they distinctly denied the principle, that the exchanges were to be regarded in regulating the issues. Subsequently to that period opinions became changed, and, of course, in the working of the machinery, they found the merits of the case such as they really were, and a growing disposition manifested itself to heed in a greater degree than they hitherto had done the principle of exchange and of bullion; but in 1827 I moved that the resolution should be rescinded, and from that moment I have considered it the practice of the Bank, and it was the practice, in a great degree, even previously to that. I always believed, in Mr. Horner's time, that his principle was completely right; and from being connected with the exchanges, I was able to see many practical circumstances that tended to show the fact was so. But, with regard to the Bank, over and over again they found the practice wrong in their estimation, because the exchanges did not follow the Bank of England circulation; but they did not know what the country circulation was then, and it was not till the year 1819 that we got a good account of the country circulation, and then we found that, putting the two together, it gave a very different account."

Let our readers peruse Mr. Palmer's and Mr. Ward's evidence again, and as men met under one common misfortune, ask themselves what would be the amount of human misery, should Providence visit us with a bad harvest? or, what is just the same thing, and at present more likely to happen—a continental war? We might still preserve our famous non-intervention policy, and indifference to the breach of solemn treaties and to diplomatic insults—the effect would be the same. In either event, gold would fly across the channel; it would go to the place where it was most in demand—or, as Mr. Rothschild shrewdly observes, "if five per cent would not get it, ten per cent would—when gold is wanted by a government, it must be had at any cost."

We will allow Mr. Ward to explain our ability of meeting such difficulties as these.

"2087.—In what manner should you prepare?—By shortening the amount of currency.

"2088.—In what way?—I have always endeavoured that the Bank should be possessed of a certain number of securities always coming into it, so that a discretion should be exercised as to whether we should re-issue it again; there is a considerable amount always comes in now from the Annuities, the dead weight brings in a considerable excess annually, and other assets of that description, which monies are perpetually coming in, and I should withhold the re-issuing of those. I should not make a forcible operation, by disappointing any person of discount, or by selling exchequer bills: if I had silver at my disposal, perhaps I should send the silver over to Paris, and draw against it, and I should come last to those things that attract the most comment and the most observation, thinking the *quiet* mode of acting the most beneficial to all parties.

"2095.—But would not that system practically bring with it this difficulty, that whenever it should unfortunately happen that the country should be threatened with scarcity of food, it would have immediately the difficulty of scarcity of money?—I am afraid that is one of the inherent effects; the probability is, that the governor of the Bank would communicate with the government, and the *benefit* of the government information would be obtained, and it would be considered whether it was necessary, and in what degrees, any thing of the kind should be done."

It will appear that, amongst all the charges which may be established against gold as the only legal standard of exchange, and as a circulating medium totally unfit to perform the functions of one, it is equally cumbrous as it is injurious to the public welfare. It appears when the Bank has acted too long on prices to produce the desired

end, the turn of the exchanges, that gold often becomes *inconveniently plentiful*; or, in other words, when the Bank has got a little more than one-third in bullion to meet its issues—under that supposition, Mr. Ward is questioned as follows.

“ 1975.—Therefore, at the time you give these reasons for preventing an increase of gold, there is this farther reason, that the presenting of a large accumulation contributes to increase the profits of the Bank?—I have always regarded the issues of notes, both with reference to the proprietors and also the public; if the treasure collected by the Bank be too great, the public suffers from the too great appreciation of the currency, and if too little, depreciation must be apprehended. The act of 1822, extending the period for the use of the country 1*l.* and 2*l.* notes, rendered the treasure prepared to meet their withdrawal superfluous, and it became due to the public that too great an appreciation of currency should not exist.

“ 1976.—Do you mean to say, by the evidence you have given, that the Bank have no means of diminishing the amount of bullion in their coffer, except by an adverse exchange?—No, it is a difficulty; because if the public has that quantity of gold that suits their purposes, and the Bank holds a larger proportion of gold than is either its interest or its duty to hold, with reference to the circulation, the only means by which it can get rid of it is by issuing notes; it must then use its discretion in the investment.

“ 1977.—Will not that apply to any other banking establishment of large capital?—No; I do not think it would.

“ 1978.—Why is it, then, that the Bank of England is placed in so different a situation from any other banking establishment with a large capital?—Any country banking establishment, if it finds itself possessed of more gold than it likes, can forward that gold to London, and get it placed in the coffer of the Bank of England, or have it vested in stock and productive assets; but the Bank cannot issue gold without its coming back to them.

“ 1979.—Cannot the Bank state to the persons that discount with it, that they are willing to discount for gold, but they do not choose to issue their notes?—They can by law, but it is not practicable for the business of the country to be done with gold; the quantities of public and private business could not be despatched in a gold coin, more especially with reference to the revenue, which has to be transmitted from one part of the country to another. How would it be possible to remit the quarterly collections in gold?

“ 1980.—Would it be possible to conduct the ordinary mercantile affairs in London by payments in gold?—Totally impossible, in my opinion; the magnitude of transactions is such, that it could not be done.”

There is another argument of itself, if indeed others were wanting, so apposite to our hostility to the present gold standard, that out of the overwhelming proof we have already brought forward to establish this conviction by far more cogent and pressing than this, yet would we be content on this ground alone to stand. It relates to secrecy as being the only defence against the explosion of our monetary system, on the close keeping of which, the safety of the Bank and the stability of this great empire depend. Let us ask—Why is this secret necessary? Is it because the Bank has more gold than enough to meet instant demand for payment? In that case secrecy would be absurd. The converse of the answer is too true, and it is with feelings of mingled humiliation and disgust we acknowledge, that more than once national bankruptcy has been averted by this secret being known only to the Bank directors. But will the public confidence be again restored as in May last, by the manœuvre at the Bank of refusing notes for gold? and who knows that when the smallness of this treasure is known, as it must be ere long, that a number of people will not choose to be *quite safe*.

The government, in allowing these secrets to be published without other accompanying measures, are opening a masked battery equally on public and private credit as on the Bank. One of the most popular arguments in favour of gold is its supposed *security*—how must the Bank directors have laughed in their sleeves in 1825, when only 100,000*l.* remained; and in May last, when political discredit absorbed above 2,000,000*l.* of a treasure already circumscribed? The people have discovered a new source of political power by demanding payment in gold. Much as we cherish popular rights, we look with abhorrence on its possession, (though not, if necessary, its honest exercise,) convinced that the weapon is the offspring of grinding and unjust laws. To our readers we leave the task of summing up, only further letting Mr. Palmer speak for himself.

“863.—Supposing that the publication of the amount of bullion in the Bank to be made constantly, either weekly or monthly, and it were known that, by any panic or any accident, the amount was reduced to a million, would not that small sum go out in twenty-four hours, from the mere apprehension?—In my preceding answers, I have admitted the possibility, but great improbability, of such an occurrence.

“864.—So that, in point of fact, the last million would be worth nothing at all?—If that period ever occurred.

“731.—Then your reason for supposing that the demand would have continued in such a case, is not that you think the public would wish to destroy the Bank, but that the circumstance of their seeing the small amount remaining would increase their alarm?—Yes.

“737.—During the political discredit in May 1832, do you think that a publication of the amount of treasure then held by the Bank could have been safely given by the Bank?—No; I think the Bank would have been endangered by publication at that time.

“780.—Is the amount of bullion that the Bank holds, the only secret which you think it of importance to preserve in the affairs of the Bank?—Yes, so far as regards the public; that is my individual opinion.

“783.—Supposing the case of their being reduced to 1,000,000*l.* or 1,200,000*l.*, and it was generally understood all over Europe, in Amsterdam, and Hamburg, and all the great places of exchange, that the Bank was in a position in which it could not with safety for any length of time remain, and it was also known that the circulation of England was confined to gold, which is merchandize in other markets of Europe, would not your means of replenishing your coffers with the only metal by which you could make a legal payment be impeded by the knowledge that those persons would have, that you were in immediate want of that article?—I do not contemplate the reduction of the Bank's bullion in the way that has been suggested, to 1,200,000*l.*, without such a contraction of the circulating medium of paper as would have an effect on prices, and thereby tend to bring the gold back into the country. Under due regulation, it is hardly possible to contemplate, except from internal political discredit, such a reduction as has been alluded to.

“799.—Did you ever hear that in 1825 it was actually proposed to the government of France to take measures for stopping the Bank of England?—I have heard such a report.”

T. L. M.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

BY THE EDITOR OF CAPTAIN ROCK'S MEMOIRS.

"The parting Genius is with sighing sent."—MILTON.

IT is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er ;
 I hear a Voice, like that of yore,
 Which over the earth its wailings spread,
 Crying aloud, "Great Pan is dead!"—
 Such Voice I hear, from shore to shore,
 From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,
 And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
 "Great Tithe,—and Small,—are dead and gone!"

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,
 Ye Tenths of all conceivable things
 Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,
 Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,*
 After that feast of fruit abhorr'd,—
 First indigestion on record!—
 Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,
 Ye pigs which, even when Catholics,
 Or of Calvin's most select depraved,
 In the Church must have your bacon saved;—
 Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,
 And, whatsoever himself believes,
 Must bow to th' Established Church-belief,
 That the tenth is always a *Protestant* sheaf;—
 Ye calves, of which the Man of Heaven
 Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven;†—
 Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,
 Eggs,‡ timber, milk, fish,—and bees' wax;
 All things, in short, since earth's creation,
 Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,
 To suffer eternal decimation,—
 Leaving the whole *lay* world, since then,
 Reduced to nine parts out of ten;
 Or,—as we calculate thefts and arsons,—
 Just *ten per cent.* the worse for Parsons!

Alas, and is all this wise device
 For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice?—
 The whole put down, in the simplest way,
 By the souls resolving *not* to pay!

* A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to "some unrecorded revelation made to Adam."

† "The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven, he shall have one."—*Rees's Cyclopædia*, art. Tithes.

‡ Chaucer's Plowman complains of the parish rectors, that

"For the tithing of a duck,
 Or an apple, or an aye (*egg*,)
 They make him swear upon a boke,
 Thus they foulen Christ's fay."

And even the Papists, thankless race,
Who have had so much the easiest case,—
To *pay* for our sermons doom'd, 'tis true,
But not condemned to *hear* them, too,—
(Our holy business being, 'tis known,
With the ears of their barley, not their own,)
Even *they* object to let us pillage,
By right divine, their tenth of tillage,
And, horror of horrors, even decline
To find us in sacramental wine!*

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er;
Ah never shall rosy Rector more,
Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,
And make of his flock "a prey and meat."†
No more shall be his the pastoral sport
Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,
Through various steps, Citation, Libel,—
Scriptures all, but *not* the Bible,—
Working the law's whole apparatus
To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,
And summoning all the powers of Wig,
To settle the fraction of a pig!—
Till, parson and all committed deep
In the case of "Shepherd *versus* Sheep,"
The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,
While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,
For *Tenths* thus all at *sixes* and *sevens*,
Seeking what parsons love no less
Than tragic poets, a good *distress*.
Instead of studying St. Augustin,
Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin,
(Books fit only to hoard dust in,)
His reverence stints his evening readings
To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,
Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
Which forms his only *ancient* study;—
Port so old, you'd swear it's tartar
Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
And, had the Saint sipp'd such, no doubt
His martyrdom would have been—to gout.

And is all then lost?—alas, too true,—
Ye *Tenths* beloved, adieu, adieu!
My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er,—
Like Old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

* Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church Rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

† Ezekiel xxxiv. 8.—"Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them."—v. 10.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT has been at length prorogued, and a session of unexampled duration has closed—a session which will be noted in the annals of British history as of more importance than any preceding it since parliaments vindicated themselves; and remarkable no less for the effect it must produce upon the consolidation of our liberties, than for the display of obstinacy by the Tory aristocracy, and the tenacity with which they clung to those abuses which were the secret of the long predominance of the faction in the councils of the country. At the late period of the month in which we pen this, we are unable to detail all the measures proposed, or to go into the minutest questions of the session. Indeed, when it is recollected that the history of the Reform Bills is that of almost the whole period of the sitting, we have only to remind the reader of the circumstance, to place before him the picture of what, in its general character, is already well stamped upon his memory.

We have seen the downfall of nomineeism in boroughs contested by its partisans with an intrepidity in absurd argument unmatched in the legislative assemblies of any age or country. We have seen men of acknowledged talent so indomitable in error, and so palpably wrong in attacking what militated against their private, but usurped interests, that we have preferred placing to the account of wilfulness that tenebrosity of vision, which it would have been an insult to their understandings, or a mere affectation of charity, to ascribe to any other cause. We have seen the Commons of England purify themselves, and teach the House of Peers lessons which it is to be hoped it will long remember, namely, that it can enter into no combat with the people of England, and not come out of it baffled and humbled; that to separate its interests from those of the country, will, if not, as in the recent contest, settled early, end in showing that the nation must not be insulted with impunity by the least important branch of the government; that the Commons of England, the representatives of the people, (the arrogant orders of the House of Lords nevertheless,) can, on all fitting occasions, act with effect, and teach them how the privileges with which they are endowed must be honestly applied to the ends for which they were given, that empty titles, haughty bearing, and self-interested obstinacy, will go for nothing. We have seen a lesson read to the Tory House of Peers, by which we trust it will profit for long years to come.

Arduous was the task which Lord Grey performed, with immortal honour to himself. We have seen him with temper and forbearance repel insult, and turn aside the shafts of malice. We have seen him exert a firmness of carriage, and a perseverance in his objects, which stamp him a statesman of the very first order. We have seen him faithful to his pledges, resign his post rather than compromise the great measure of his ministry, and disprove the paltry insinuations made early by his enemies, that he craved office for its profits, and

would hold it at any sacrifice of principle. The British people owe him an obligation, which we are sure it will not forget.

In a session so occupied with one pervading subject, it is not perhaps to be expected that much more could be done than has been effected. The Reform Bills for the three kingdoms, and the bills auxiliary to render them complete in their working, were carried in a protracted combat, where every ally that might aid resistance was brought into the field, from the fun and time-speaking of the ultra-Tory Sir C. Wetherell, to the adjurations of Mr. Perceval, the Patagonian and the dwarf of the opposition phalanx. Several minor measures have gone through Parliament. The law reforms of the Lord Chancellor have completely vindicated his character for consistency and disinterestedness; and though in some of the clauses for improving the laws we have seen too much of a disposition to yield important points—though we have seen such disgusting and useless practices as hanging men in chains, revived in 1832, out of compliment to the love of Ultra-Tories for long-cherished barbarisms, (of which the judges, naturally lovers of spectacles that savour of the dark ages, seize the first moment to evince their regard,) we are yet glad that some amendment has been made, in what it will take a century of amendments to reconcile with humanity and common sense. The most amusing scene in the session was that in which the Lord Chancellor, having made his brother *locum tenens* in a place which he proposed to abolish, as soon as it was possible to do so, but which could not be left entirely vacant from some small duty it involved, aroused the spleen of Sir Edward Sugden in the Lower House, who arraigned the Chancellor's consistency and political motives as if he had bestowed the place for the benefit of his relative, in defiance of his public avowals. Most people recollect the impertinence of this self-important little personage to the Chancellor some time ago, in his lordship's own court. In the present instance Lord Brougham did not, as then, pass over the unjustifiable and insidious attack made upon him, but inflicted a punishment upon Sir Sincerity Sugden, as he is well styled at the bar, which he will remember to the last day of his existence.

The legislation for Ireland has been to us the least satisfactory part of the business of the session. Any ministry must undoubtedly get into a labyrinth of difficulties in touching her affairs, but what we condemn is the indisposition shown towards going to the bottom of the evils which afflict the country. The abuses in Ireland have grown to such a pitch from bad government, from the Tory system of governing six or seven millions of men, through the eyes and ears, and by indulging the passions of some five or six hundred thousand Protestant ascendancy people, whose interests are based on the preservation of existing mischiefs, that nothing but a complete subjugation of all to one law, giving one impartial administration of justice, and conceding the equitable claim, that the industry of the professors of one faith shall not be ground to powder to pamper idlers of another, will do. These improvements must be carried into effect in *deed* and in *truth*. They must not be patched up to break out again. The affairs of Ireland demand instant adjustment; but then to do right, what interests must be thwarted! What a fearful host of enemies

must be made! "Be it so," we say; "but do what is *right*, and regard not consequences."

We regret that the finances of the country have not shown any improvement in the later statements of the revenue. The Whigs act honestly, and with a sincere regard for the good of the country; but they have in office among them too many who only weaken their efforts, and by committing mistakes cause them to be reproached with want of practice and lack of business-like habits. When we recollect how easy the larger part of government business is to carry on, and that numerous trades or professions demand more mental exertion to practise them successfully than any branches of a government require, save under one or two heads, we are astonished things are not better managed. The truth is, that the opposition, the form, the "much ado about nothing," in doing every thing, retards the master spirit of a ministry in his operations. Where the public are well informed, as in England, and free to speak, they are thus ever getting in advance of the cabinet upon questions of high interest to the country. It is impossible it should be otherwise in a great and free nation, and the inference to be drawn from it is, that the government of the country must not now be entrusted to persons selected by family influence or mere station, but of acknowledged talent and integrity. This, we trust, will be effected by the measure of the past session. Private men in England are free to think, and to give their opinion, on all questions which concern the general welfare. Many understand them as well, nay, it would be an insult to say many do not understand them better, than nine-tenths whom presumption, or interest, or accident, have placed in office. It was to meet these faults that a reform in parliament became more imperative, and that the downfall of the Tory doctrine, that none but those possessed of borough interest, belonging to their own class, knew any thing of state affairs, was necessary to the public welfare. For our own feeling, we could wish to see men of talent of all parties united for the common good. This must be the case ere long. The nation will not ask what political colour a ministry may be, so much as whether the most fitting men are in office, and whether the measures of government are those which are best for the country. We would fling aside all imbeciles of every party; we would see in union the supporters of certain great principles, congenial to the spirit of the age. We cannot look at the debates of the last session, and not feel unmitigated pity at the deplorable arguments used by some individuals, whose ignorance of principles, weak speeches, and absurd notions, would rank the speakers very low in a common mechanic's debating shop. We never thought so highly of the virtue of discretion before, and wish a prayer for a due proportion of it to the members were introduced into the chaplain's service, and read to both houses of parliament before proceeding to business.

We have alluded above to a union of men of talent from all parties in the formation of a ministry. Neither to Whig nor Tory will the government of the nation be confided, if the principles of the party militate against the advanced spirit of the time. We are much mistaken if a third body, on whose partizanship the fate of a ministry even now rests, has not during the past session obtained a very great

accession of strength—we mean the popular party in the House of Commons, or that which is most identified with the people. It is true, the liberal Whigs differ little or nothing from this party but in their support of the Whigs separately as a body. That the parties will be ultimately amalgamated, there is not the smallest doubt. This, then, will be by and bye the ascendant party in the country, essentially in accordance with public opinion. In the House of Commons its weight is now sufficient to turn the scale, and it gives the cheering assurance, that come what may, the principles of Toryism, and their long train of coercive measures, corrupting extravagances, and arbitrary laws, will not again harass or sap the industry of the nation. For the present distresses consequent upon this system, the country must now provide as it can—it is a consolation they can never be renewed. The prophecies of the Tories, that men of no weight in the country, only demagogues and radicals, would be nominated, they have seen falsified before the prorogation. Men opposed to Tory principles and practices have for the most part been put in nomination, but we have yet scarcely known a case in which gentlemen of good property have not been named by the people—men every way entitled to make part of the legislative body. We have heard it doubted whether the Preston Hunt, whose opacity has been so conspicuous as a legislator, will ever sit for that radical place again. Property will perhaps be better represented in the next parliament than it ever was before: there will be in it fewer younger brothers and boroughmongers' tools, destitute of wit or money, and more of wisdom and acknowledged wealth. We trust to see more men of the higher order of intellect in the next house. It was part of the borough system to keep out such, because they were peculiarly inconvenient in an assembly that was but the shadow of what it purported to be; they might make it less manageable. The martinet always values the soldier most for that dulness which classes him nearest to the mere animal machine.

Here we cannot help reminding all classes, how necessary it is to qualify themselves as voters for the coming election. We cannot conceive why the ministry clogged the right of voting with such useless provisions, as if to defeat their own objects. Many will not be put out of their old track, or pay their taxes an hour sooner for the qualification's sake. They think going up to the hustings quite trouble enough, and they will stay away altogether. This will in many cases give an advantage to the party in an election who will pay for the defaulters before hand. There are payments too exacted from voters, which, though small, are highly objectionable in principle.

The eyes not only of England, but of Europe, are directed to the composition of the next House of Commons. We trust it will be such as will exhibit to the world a body of truly independent representatives, bound to no party but the public. The class of persons who will come forward will be men whom the people respect for intelligence; men of probity; men who have risen from among themselves by their own exertions—men not bred in pampered idleness, but in honourable labour; men of capacity and general knowledge,

for the most part vigorous in mind, and tied by no aristocratical notions of the indefeasible rights and infallibility of any "order;"—in short, men who may be styled the "representatives of the people" in the true sense of the constitution.

The royal speech was, as usual, couched in the most negative form. In these speeches, it must be confessed, the great art is to be inoffensive, negative, and yet withal to carry an air of profundity befitting royal lips. Their concoction is a branch of political knowledge which sucking statesmen would do well to cultivate assiduously. It is, in fact, the art of saying nothing, while pretending to say every thing: the art of satisfying the curiosity of a great nation respecting its affairs, by a display of words, which, if considered well adapted to the functions of royalty, would never pass muster from a subject. From their tenor of late years, it would seem as if ministers would gladly get rid of them altogether, could they do so; but as they cannot, they fashion them of the neuter gender. It may be questioned whether a great nation has not a right to something more explicit, after puzzling itself in vain for a long session to discover its relations foreign and domestic—but politics has been hitherto a science tenacious of obscurity.

We are told that the affairs of Belgium are still unarranged, and that Don Pedro and Miguel are still at loggerheads. This we did not want a royal speech to tell us; it was "stale news." We wanted to know whether England and France intended to keep their words or not, and thus save their honour, upon the Belgium question; whether they mean to insist or not upon the free navigation of the Scheldt; or whether the Dutchman is still to give defiance to them both from his muddy dykes, and force them to eat their own words, and belie their own recorded resolutions.

The session has indeed closed with foreign politics in a singular state of uncertainty. The Duke of Wellington has, with little reason and still less success, attacked our conduct respecting Portugal; but the great question is not that of the Peninsula, which is made infinitely more of by Tory dissatisfaction than the case merits, but that of the interference of the great states of Europe to put down what little exists of freedom in the countries which their armies overawe. The very mountains of Switzerland are threatened by these banded despots, and its press, which was never quite free, and the right of a few of the persecuted to take shelter there, are charged as offenders against the dignity of the all-powerful. The Swiss have no alternative but their swords, to preserve their independence. We trust, if outraged, they will give Austria a second Morat! The system of compression will make the re-action more terrible, which sooner or later will convulse all Europe. We have learned little or nothing of our actual position in this respect during the last session, but we have seen that the free King of England is absolute King of Hanover, and has joined the European monarchs in their unholy league. The dead silence which met his Majesty as he proceeded to the House of Lords to prorogue Parliament arose from this cause. Nor cheer, nor the reverse, marked the path of the monarch to whom the nation, to its latest posterity, will owe the deepest obligations.

Whatever may be the actual state of our relations with the continental pandemonium, we need not fear it. A free people, situated as we are, can always baffle the despots and their slaves, and it is this power of successful resistance to which we must ultimately have recourse. We cannot disguise our apprehension that England is not at this moment in her proper attitude among the nations. We are neither Tories, Whigs, nor Radicals, but as much of either, or all three, as we think meet for the advantage of Old England. We do not therefore speak in any party spirit. Our rulers, we are sure, mean well, but they seem too much inclined

To dwell on decencies for ever.

They clip evils half way, and do not go to their root—they bend and twist, but will not tear up a noxious plant. Lord Palmerston will not astonish posterity by his foreign policy. He seems to quibble and dally, and palliate, and temporize. It is better in politics to decide badly, but to decide, than to vacillate. The one course ensures the statesman the respect of the world, the other its derision. His lordship's idea that the protocol (how the words nauseate after the matter of Belgium!) of the Frankfort Diet is innocent, and merely intended to guard against local dangers, seems the very superlative of artless credibility—our friend Peter Simple to a hair! We wish Lord Palmerston had thought about the reflection it was to persons as obtuse as ourselves, upon the extent of his own understanding. We must believe that his lordship was hoaxing us as to his own gullability—and does not really believe the continental despots will refrain from endangering the peace of Europe from their conviction of its ill policy. Have they ever been taught wisdom by experience? Have they any other bound to their own aggression than the measure of their power? Have they ever had any other line of restraint than the circumference of their own grasp? My Lord Palmerston must know this, and should be more candid. For them, as they have conspired against every free state in Europe, and interfered by threats backed by physical force against the weaker kingdoms, so will they by and bye force them into one indissoluble bond of indignant hatred at their iron oppression, rouse them to arms, light up the war of opinion, and see their thrones and their abhorrent and execrable tyranny perish in it.

O.

THE ULTIMUS ROMANORUM.

GOETHE is dead—the veteran of German literature is at length gathered to those former compeers and associates in fame, who obtained for themselves a distinction which eclipses that of some so termed Augustan periods. Upon him we have, however, no tears to bestow, our sympathies being all engrossed by a privation that touches us more nearly, both as patriots in a small way, and as antiquaries upon the largest scale. The time-honoured hath disappeared from among us; the last barrier to that spirit of innovation, which the admirers of the “good old times” so earnestly deprecate, is now removed—in one word, the last ray of the former glories of Cockaigne is extinct! Let us not be told, the loss we deplore cannot be quite so terrible as our imagination pictures it, seeing that Cockney land itself continues pretty much *in statu quo*, and that no particularly disastrous intelligence has been received from thence. The loss we speak of is too purely of an intellectual kind to have notified itself like an earthquake. But the reader is impatient to learn what is the event thus ominously ushered in, by words that seem to announce some more than ordinary calamity. He is, doubtless, anxious to be informed at once of its nature and extent. We are unwilling, however, to cause too sudden a shock by blurting out the truth suddenly, and must therefore be allowed to insinuate the unwelcome intelligence gradually, and with all due caution. Peradventure our discretion may be considered overstrained, since, after all, it may possibly be thought that we exaggerate the matter a little too much, it being, in truth, not quite so momentous as a national bankruptcy. Nay, some may be of opinion that we are actually bantering them, by making a pitiable tale out of the veriest trifle. It must be confessed, that there are people in the world—of course, most dull and unimaginative beings, to whom our enthusiasm must appear ridiculous. Well; e’en let it be so: we have examples enough to keep us in countenance, for all enthusiasm, let its object be what it may, must appear absurd in the eyes of those who have no sympathies in common with it. The bibliomaniac regards the lover of the turf with supreme contempt; the connoisseur in horse-flesh, the veritable *Philippus*, returning the compliment with interest, deems the other no better than a madman, a crazed dolt, whose extasies over an *editio princeps*, a genuine Caxton, or Wynkyn de Worde, fairly entitle him to a cell in Bedlam. What excites intense interest at Newmarket or Doncaster, and is so important, that intelligence is sent off by express, as if the fate of a kingdom depended upon its issue, creates not the slightest sensation on ‘Change. An affair, again, that sets the fashionable world in commotion, engrossing all its faculties and all its tongues, is as little recked of by the political world, as if it occurred in the moon; while the Reform Bill and its schedules are voted vulgar impertinences by an exquisite, who seeks for no other suffrages than those he may obtain at Almack’s, or in some well-appointed boudoir.

In fact, society is cut up into such a “plurality of worlds,” distinct from each other, that their inhabitants might almost as well live in so many separate planets, having hardly a single feeling or idea in common. Within this single globe of ours—or rather, in this little corner

of it—if the Hibernianism may pass, we have the political world, the fashionable world, the religious world, the theatrical world, the learned world, the sporting world, the musical world, the commercial world, the literary world, and we know not how many other worlds to boot, each contending for supremacy, and endeavouring to stare its neighbours out of countenance. To all of them the hobby-horses of the rest appear like mere donkeys in comparison with their own; and the enthusiasm each individual manifests for the beast on which he has got astride, excites a contemptuous smile from his neighbour; that is, should the latter happen to be an inhabitant of another world!

Our conscience here admonishes us, that we shall be accused of having got upon our own hobby, and of riding it most furiously; perhaps it will be thought to have quite run away with us, and to have carried us altogether from our subject. We are bewildering him, the reader will say for the nonce. The upshot, then, of our remarks is, that they must stand us in lieu of an apology, should those who peruse our regrets consider them too lackadaisical. Should such be the case, we shall most philosophically attribute neither to the insignificance of our subject, nor to our want of ability in treating it, but to the obtuseness and callousness of those who are unable to enter into it as warmly as we ourselves do. The gentle antiquary, at least, will sympathise with us; and so far from opining that the loss we deplore is a trivial one, will probably tax us with not being so pathetic as it becomes us to be.

Truly these are disastrous times for the venerators of old localities and old customs: innovation, spoliation, and mutation, stare us every where in the face. The London of former generations is disappearing daily, by piece-meal. St. Dunstan's clock, the quondam lion of Fleet Street, is gone to air itself in the Regent's Park, where it looks as ridiculous and *outré*, as shockingly plebeian and grotesque, as an old wife from Whitechapel would appear at one of the aristocratic fêtes given by its present possessor at the villa which it now serves to decorate. The College of Physicians has been most profanely converted into a market for butchers; and on the same spot where anatomical lectures were once delivered, anatomical specimens are now daily exhibited in the carcasses of sheep and oxen. Nay, to make matters worse, there is an air of offensive insolence even in the refinement of the place, for the butchers must, forsooth, have Grecian lamps, and re-decorate the ceiling. Of old London Bridge no other memento will shortly remain than the *cul de sac*, now formed by what was whilom an approach to it; or by such record of its beauty and magnificence as the pencil of the topographical draftsman may have perpetuated to delight future illustrators of Pennant.

These losses, however, might be borne with comparative stoicism—certainly the removal of the faculty from Warwick Lane does not seem to have been attended with any increase of mortality within the city; and if the citizens themselves be not greatly traduced, they have ever shown more partiality for butchers and cooks than for doctors. So far, therefore, this change is certainly in character, and not very greatly to be lamented. It must be confessed, moreover, that the good folks of the city, at least those at its head quarters, do evince

a regard for antiquity in some things, that is truly commendable. The venerable dust and cobwebs of the Mansion House, for instance, are never displaced by menial, or any other hands. Its antique sashes—whose frames rival in ponderous thickness the spokes of a waggon wheel—still remain to delight the eye with a smack of the good old civic times; nor do their dingy panes afford the comfortable assurance that the inhabitants are not at all more enlightened than they ought to be; which really, as matters now-a-days go, is saying no little in their praise.

Let us now wind our way towards "Paul's," for thitherward lies the ultimate scope to which our meditations tend. The church itself, indeed, still stands *in statu quo*, yet how desolate and melancholy looks the church-yard, now that it is bereaved of its well known familiar adjunct, the daily halting place and lounge of those arrant virtuosi who were wont to delight their not too critical eyes nor too fastidious imaginations, contemplating art in its primitive simplicity, and its productions in "the very first"—namely, the incipient style of graphic skill. Who is there who does not know that antique domicile of the sister muses of painting and engraving, Bowles' and Carver's printshop? Who is there who having known it, will not with us join in lamenting that it is now extinct? Yes, closed are those windows that displayed to successive generations standard productions of the pencil, albeit, not exactly master-pieces; for standard they may well be termed, as they appear to have been standing and stationary there for the last century, immutable fixtures, examples of immutability, while all around has been subject to constant change. Of a truth, the specimens there exhibited were matchless; nor shall we, in all likelihood, ever look upon their like again. We wonder the great bell of the cathedral did not toll spontaneously, moved by sympathetic impulse, when those heir-looms of the good city of London, those relics of bygone taste, took their departure, leaving behind them a dreary, joyless blank. Still more do we wonder that none of the dealers in prognostics should have drawn an augury from this circumstance, as indicative of some mighty vicissitude in the land, with which the times seem big; as portending, perhaps, some great change in the church itself, for if we put any faith in omens at all, what less can we infer when we find that the "churchyard" has lost its palladium?

The merit of the works that lined these windows, and rendered them, as it were, a gallery stored with venerable samples of the pictorial art, was incontestable, since although they had nothing of novelty to recommend them, and although they were not set off by any of that external pomp and parade for which many modern shops are so conspicuous, their intrinsic worth perpetually secured to them a succession of unwearied admirers. Ever might a group of gazers be perceived fixed attentively before them, quietly examining their quaint subjects and devices; and apparently absorbed in as deep meditation as if they were contemplating the relics of a former world, or deciphering the hieroglyphics of an antediluvian age. Instead of the flashy, pert caricatures of the passing day—those mushroom, ephemeral productions of the pencil,—here might be seen such innocent pieces of humour, as alphabets formed of human figures in such attitudes as no posture-master might hope to rival; such instructive

designs of morality and mortality, as a head one half of which presented a living face adorned after the vain fashion of what was once the reigning mode, while the other showed a fleshless scull—striking emblem of the close juxtaposition of life and death! Instead of the ultra-refined and laboured fopperies of art, in which modern annuals strive to outdo each other, here we might feast our eyes on unpretending, unsophisticated, and perfectly *artless* subjects,—farm-yards with blue skies and red cows, homely in sooth, but far more natural than such pompous affectations as Turner indulges in, whose wayward pencil gives us an atmosphere of pure gamboge, and depicts the face of nature as if it were complexioned by the jaundice. Other choice bits of rurality were there offered to cockney optics, convincing them that trees, and grass, and meadows are really green—refreshing sight!—Not a compound of all other hues, but such as we find them in many pictures, where the artist seems to have coloured them with all the odd tints his palette could produce. The advice is now, alas! too late; else would we recommend some of our academicians to come and study there.

Neither were specimens of the human form and human face divine lacking for those who preferred them to the face of inanimate nature. Here might be seen many a hero, both naval and military, whose looks, if they at all resembled those of their effigies, would alone have inspired their enemies with dread; warriors of iron front and iron visage, in every respect dissimilar from the present degenerate race, who, were it not for their uniforms, would not be distinguishable from any other people who walk about the streets. Then, again, there were specimens of beauty unparalleled by aught that now-a-days obtains the name; divinities whose charms did not lie in such transitory things as complexion and features, but in solid, durable periwigs, whose curls would outlast half-a-dozen generations. In their presence we felt that our hearts were perfectly secure, and that we might gaze assured of impunity. No; there was nothing seductive in their looks, no “delicious poison” in their eyes. Let people say what they will to the contrary, human nature certainly *is* changed from what it used to be, at least as far as regards external appearances; for these were creatures evidently cast in a different mould from ourselves. We are of opinion that Lord Monboddo was not altogether wrong; and that, fanciful as his doctrine may appear, man must originally have proceeded from the monkey tribes, and that these were some of the intermediate links in the series of his metamorphoses.

But a truce to such speculations. We must not forget those superb views of the adjacent cathedral, wherein the artist had allowed ample space enough both to that structure, and to his own imagination; having removed the houses around it to a most respectful distance—to be measured, indeed, by a single stride, provided it were made by the seven-league boots of giant-killing Jack. Wonderful achievement of the pencil, such as no modern draftsmen or painter would have the boldness to attempt! Let us outrage nature in her colouring as much as we may, making groves literally of gold, and trees that blush—for those that so paint them; we are sadly unimaginative, and matter-of-fact in many other respects, at least, comparatively so; since to do them justice, there are some few whose

noble ambition disdains to be checked by the observances of such dry, mechanical rules, as those of perspective and of architecture.

Fain would we, did room permit, dwell more minutely upon some of the *chefs d'œuvre* of this unique collection, now dispersed abroad, and probably fallen into hands that will shortly apply them to the vilest uses. If, instead of giving five hundred pounds the other day for a single missal, which, after all, is but a remnant of papistical vanity, Sir John Soane had purchased this collection, and the whole might have been had for a less sum, it might have been preserved entire for the edification and gratification both of artists and others, to say nothing of the fame he himself would have acquired as the possessor of such treasures. But we must leave others to regret it: we ourselves are tired of regretting any more the demands upon our sympathies and sensibilities, being so great and so numerous, that we are unable to meet them all. Salmon's wax-work is knocked up, Bowles' and Carvers' prints are all knocked down; after this we should not be surprised if we were to hear that the mansion-house is offered for sale, the civic state carriage of the Lord Mayor to be disposed of for an *omnibus*, and Guildhall itself to be let. To all appearance, the shop in the churchyard was destined to endure as long as the city itself, to be for ever in a state of conservation, resisting all innovation and alteration, as sternly as Wellington or Eldon could desire—when lo! it has suddenly vanished! We do not mean that the house itself has flown away like the *Casa di Loreto*, or that the bricks and mortar have melted into nothingness; but though the walls are standing, and the windows themselves remaining, they are but an unsightly carcase: the soul that once informed them, and that beamed forth through those windows, is now fled; nor may it ever be recalled. The misfortune would be more endurable were there any shop that would at all supply the deficiency, but none other resembling it is to be found—nothing in the slightest degree approaching it. It was a link between the past and the present, the sole survivor of a period in the annals both of art and shop-keeping, long since gone by. That link is now broken; that remnant of former days hath at length met the same fate as the associates of its youth, without any one interposing to rescue it from destruction. Why was no public meeting called, no speeches made, no subscription entered into for the patriotic purpose of saving it for posterity? With what alacrity would we have accepted an invitation to a dinner given to celebrate its preservation! Alas! we fear that patriotism, and taste, and antiquarian feeling, were all, not merely slumbering, but fast asleep on this occasion, or gone with Toryism into desuetude; else would not this *Ultimus Romanorum*, the last of a race now wholly extinct, have been suffered to fall—and fall, too, even unnoticed perchance, save for us who have here paid a brief tribute to its memory. What a tempting theme for moralizing! But we manfully resist it, lest our eloquence should beget in us a degree of self-complacency and self-satisfaction that might diminish our sorrow—perhaps subject us to the awkward suspicion that within ourselves we feel more joy at the opportunity afforded for the show of grief, than sorrow at the event itself—a suspicion that attaches itself to more than one writer who has ostentatiously paraded his regrets before the world.

CLAVERING'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.¹CONTAINING OPINIONS, CHARACTERS, &c. OF HIS
COTEMPORARIES.

IF a man were to embitter his heart by laboriously recollecting all the malignities he has experienced, the poison would soon become fatal to him. The world are like the herd, that always drive out the wounded deer. The chief evils of adversity are not the first blows, however severe: they are the following blows, which the sight of them encourages others to give. No one should talk of his misfortunes: it does not draw the sympathy of others, but contempt, and the passion of following the example of the injurers. Evil is contagious: we never read of an atrocious murder in the newspapers, but it is followed by other murders.

When I get into a tone of conversation of the same cast as the opinions I am now recording, I am called misanthropic. This is said by people, who do not wish that their malignities should be known by their proper name. Every innocent mode which the ingenuity of the human mind can find out to escape from its own sorrows, immediately calls forth a demoniac desire to defeat it. They whose hearts and intellects have become stagnant by a course of calm prosperity, have not the most distant suspicion of the miseries which are going forward in the conflicts of life. What has not happened to themselves, the fools do not believe of those who drive the finest equipages in London—many are of the class of quack doctors, who get money by selling gilded pills of poison.

They, in whom experience has bred gall, are to be forgiven; they, in whom it is implanted by nature, are hateful. I remember old John Reeves, for many years at the head of the Alien Office, and who wrote above fifty years ago the history of the early part of the English law, in 4 vols. 8vo. His countenance expressed the sarcasm and gall of his temper and his mind. He was an ultra Tory, and was prosecuted, as all remember, for promulgating some arbitrary principles of government, alleged to be unconstitutional, at an early period of the French revolution. Pitt gave him up, not very generously, to the fury of the democrats. He died within these two or three years.

I have been again called upon to speak of the living. I cannot speak of many of them with sufficient freedom of opinion and language. It will be allowed that, of statesmen, almost all the most brilliant have gone to their graves. The late cabinet had scarcely a man of talent among them: in no other age than the present would Peel be taken for a star. His jesuitical and Joseph Surface style of oratory cannot please the sagacious and profound: and Col. Jones, the radical, has well hit off the D. of W. Charles Grant belongs to the *mommiers*, and can make no speech which has not been got up by the lamp. About Lord Ellenborough every one is agreed; he is not worth powder and shot: and Charles Wynne must deepen his voice, as dan-

¹ Continued from p. 316.

dies die their hair, and throw away many of the pedantic technicalities of his grandfather, George Grenville, before he can be fit for Speaker. Lyndhurst, to be sure, is rather a strong man; but of the every-day sort. I believe Aberdeen is accomplished, but not supposed to have any thing great about him. Lord F. L. Gower is a young man more known in literature than as a politician. The rest, as Dryden says—

“The rest remain behind, a tribe without a name.”

Many will think that what I have said of Peel does not do justice to him: of the rest no one will contend that they are distinguished for mental pre-eminence, or rise above mediocrity. I have looked through every British administration for two centuries, and this is the first which ever was without some one of ascendant genius or talent. In all administrations there will be some make-weights.

The present cabinet possess some very distinguished men: and it has several, who have great aristocratical ascendancy in the country.

It has rarely happened that politicians have been men of first-rate genius. That I do not expect. Bacon, Lord Chatham, and Burke, are almost the only ones I can name—unless Bolingbroke and Clarendon may be included. I deny this distinction both to Fox and to Pitt, and even to Canning. It will be answered, that I am confining the word genius to literary genius. Certainly not—Pitt's was the talent of declamation—Fox's of subtlety: neither the one nor the other rises to genius. But why should I discuss the minds of men, which have been analysed by an hundred authors?

The few members of the House of Commons, of old standing, now never open their lips. The dignity of the House is fallen at once a thousand fathoms deep. A pert, loquacious set of new people now occupy the House, except Croker and Wetherell, who are very amusing. The great mass are a most vulgar crew.

I turn from political demagogues to poets. It was about the year 1795 that I made a tour to Scotland, with the sole hope of seeing Burns. I was successful. On my arrival at Edinburgh, where I had some literary acquaintance, I obtained a letter of introduction to him. I had always been a great admirer of his genius, and of many traits in his character; and I was aware that he was a person moody, and somewhat difficult to deal with. I was resolved to keep in full consideration the irritability of his position in society. About a mile from his residence on a bench, under a tree, I passed a figure, which from the engraved portraits of him I did not doubt was the poet; but I did not venture to address him. On arriving at his humble cottage, Mrs. Burns opened the door: she was the plain sort of humble woman she has been described: she ushered me into a neat apartment, and said that she would send for Burns, who was gone for a walk. One of the children ran for him: he was used to such visits. In about half an hour he came; and my conjecture proved right; he was the person I had seen on the bench by the road-side. At first I was not entirely pleased with his countenance: it was not only dark, and somewhat coarse and vulgar, but did not look good-tempered. I

thought it had a sort of capricious jealousy, as if he was half inclined to treat me as an intruder. I resolved to bear it, and try if I could humour him. I let him choose his turn of conversation; but said a few words about the friend whose letter I had brought to him.

It was now about four in the afternoon of an autumn day. While we were talking, Mrs. Burns, as if accustomed to entertain visitors in this way, brought in a bowl of Scotch whisky, set the table, and laid on pipes and tobacco: I heartily accepted this hospitality. I could not help observing the curious glance with which he watched me, at the entrance of this signal of homely entertainment. He was satisfied: he filled our glasses; "Here's a health to auld Caledonia!" the fire sparkled in his eye, and mine sympathetically met his! He shook my hand with warmth, and we were friends at once. Then he drank, "Erin for ever!" and the tear of delight burst from his eye!

The fountain of his mind and his heart now opened at once, and flowed with abundant force almost till midnight. He had amazing acuteness of intellect, as well as glow of sentiment. I do not deny that he said some absurd things, and many coarse ones, and that his knowledge was very irregular, and sometimes too presumptuous; and that he did not endure contradiction with sufficient patience. His pride—and perhaps his vanity—was even morbid. I carefully avoided topics in which he could not take an active part. Of literary gossip he knew nothing, and therefore I kept aloof from it:—in the technical parts of literature his opinions were crude and unformed; but whenever he spoke of a great writer, whom he had read, his taste was generally sound. To a few minor writers, he gave more credit than they deserved. His great beauty was his manly strength, and his energy and elevation of thought and feeling. He had always a full mind; and all flowed from a genuine spring. I never conversed with a man who appeared to be more warmly impressed with the beauties of nature; and visions of female beauty and tenderness seemed to transport him. He did not merely appear to be a poet at casual intervals; but at every moment a poetical enthusiasm seemed to beat in his veins; and he lived all his days the inward, if not the outward, life of a poet.

I thought I perceived in Burns' cheek the symptoms of an energy, which had been pushed too far: and he had this feeling himself. Every now and then he spoke of the grave as soon about to close over him. His dark eye had at first a character of sternness; but, as he became warmed, though this did not entirely melt away, it was mingled with changes of extreme softness.

The character of Burns, like that of his writings, was totally free from all factitious force. Manly as he was, I think that tenderness was the leading quality of his heart and head: in this respect he was unlike Byron. Byron had not the same fierceness of eye, but more fierceness of nature. Byron had more artifice; yet often more harshness. Byron's intellect was more subtle and more profound; he was a more laborious thinker. Byron could be good on great occasions; but his ordinary nature was not so good. Byron had numerous advantages over Burns as to education, and position in society; and, necessarily, more knowledge of life, and more materials of mind.

They died at about the same age. But then recollect how large a portion of Burns' days had been spent in exhausting bodily labour ! We know that hard bodily labour allows the mind little time to work. Byron's main jealousy was, lest he should be thought too soft ; he therefore put on a character of defiance, turbulence, and scoffing. Burns appeared exactly what he was, wherever he was received kindly.

Byron could not throw himself into other men's characters with the same ease as Burns : he was always an egotist ; and when his own vanity or pride was touched, was reckless of others. He could be pleased, and generous when pleased ; but touch a hair of his head, and his fierceness was untameable and unbounded. The moral conscience of Burns was much more sensitive and pure. Byron had many dark passions, not like all, but like some of those of his heroes. Byron could never have breathed the delicate, tender, and imaginative variety of Burns' songs, where the positions he invents, and the sentiments he associates with them, are inimitable.

The extreme vivacity and elasticity of Burns' imagination made him full of eloquence when excited in conversation by any one whose apparent sympathy won his confidence. He was sometimes a little too violent, which habitual intimacy with more educated ranks would have corrected. The same qualities which gave him all the fire and tenderness of the Muse, caused alternately his happiness and his sufferings, in his daily intercourse with life. His raptures were never feigned : he always looked upon earth and its scenery and existences, and all the changing hues of nature and the heavens, with a poet's eye.

It was a serene autumnal afternoon when I sat at his table, but as evening begun to close in, the wind rose : and at night we heard the squalls over the roof and among the trees. I observed by Burns' countenance, that his mind worked so, as I predicted must by middle age exhaust any frame. Intervals of languor were even then apparent.

Burns was a sort of male coquet ; his desire to please women and to gain their notice, never slept, and on this subject he betrayed too much vanity in his conversation. He found beauty in many of those to whom he paid attention, which was solely created by his own imagination. His earnestness of manner, and the power of his eye, made him a general favourite with females. Many of his songs were on the lips and in the heart of every Caledonian nymph. The knowledge of this fact seemed to please him more than any other object of his ambition.

It was not till near midnight that I quitted him, when I retired to a neighbouring inn. I never saw him more ; and the next year I heard of his death.

I cannot account for the longevity to which I myself have attained. If I know myself, scarce any one has had more wear and tear of spirit and frame than I have had. My morbidness has always been excessive, however lively I may have appeared. Perhaps I may attribute my conquest over this defectiveness to perpetual change of scenery, studies, ruminations, and pursuits. The moment objects are

associated in my mind with pain, I quit them. Disease and death come from partial and unequal pressures. Poisons will commonly exhaust themselves, if properly ventilated.

I rarely meet with those who seem to have much sympathy with my theories of moral well-being. I attribute almost all our sure enjoyments of life to imagination. And when they who call themselves philosophers, endeavour to strip objects of their imaginative colours, I call them fools! They assume that what is true and what is imaginative are opposites, whereas imagination is the lamp of truth. Without imagination we walk in darkness. Wanting this, our ideas are dry as dust, and cold as the flint stone.

We often hear of minds, to which the praise of richness is given. It is imagination working on the most copious materials, which constitutes richness. A mind skilful in a particular department by mere force of labour and application, is not rich.

There must not only be quickness of apprehension, but light of imagery and fertility of sentiment. Enlargement of intellect is not very common. Habits of life, narrow ambitions, mean passions, bound us,

“ And freeze the genial current of the soul.”

To have been like Ulysses, and “seen many men and many cities,” is a noble acquirement. How sad when the brain, on which are inscribed multitudinous and infinite figures of creation and knowledge, goes to the grave, is dissolved into atoms, and mingles with the cold and senseless clay! Let us think of such a brain as that of Gray the poet, of whose neglected funeral William Cole gives such a melancholy account. The black owls that hooted round him were not sensible of any loss.

When I visited Cambridge more than fifty years ago, I made a point to see the rooms in which the poet last lived and died. Dr. Browne, the master, who had enjoyed Gray's friendship, very kindly showed them to me. Dr. Turner also, afterwards Dean of Norwich, was very civil to me: as to Pretymann, he carried himself as usual, with his cold and vulgar haughtiness, and thought it very strange that I could feel such an interest about “a tagger of a few rhymes!” Pitt had not long before quitted the college, and was beginning to emerge into fame; and all the college was engrossed and dazzled with the rising sun. When I spoke to them with enthusiasm about Spenser, as educated within their walls, it was a name to which they paid very little attention; and one of them told me with a significant shrug, that he thought the Fairy Queen only fit for the nursery. This recalled to me Gray's Fragment of a Hymn to Ignorance. Gray received so little flattery or distinction in the university, that he was not to the last at all aware of his own fame in the world. The Cambridge habits of study were so alien to poetry, that neither the dons, the fellows, nor the scholars, ever spoke or thought of Gray. Dr. Browne and Dr. Turner valued him as a friend, but did not seem very sensible to his poetical genius.

Something was spoken of a mad poet, who had not many years before carried away most of the Seatonian prizes here of the name of

Kit Smart. They seemed to consider him here a finer bard than Gray. I had been some time before introduced to certain of his relations at Margate, of the name of Hunter, surgeons there. One of these was at that time tutor either at Christ's or Sydney College. Smart's widow kept a bookseller's shop at Reading, where I have called on her several times: she was sister of Newberry, the bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard.

This recalls to me old Dr. Gilbert White, the ornithologist, whom I once visited at Selborne, in Hampshire; an amiable, simple old man, who had a genius for his favourite study.

And thus I go back again to old times, and recall the memory of Daines Barrington, the Welsh judge, brother to Lord Barrington, so many years Secretary at War in the North administration, and to the Bishop of Durham. Daines had a sleek, aldermanic look, was dull in conversation, and apparently something of a gourmand. They bore a good name, of which they had no blood; the father's name was Shute, of a citizen's family, who got by adoption the name and fortune of Barrington, one of our most ancient houses, co-heirs of the Plantagenet-Clarences; on which account the Bishop, not content with adopting the simple arms of Barrington, adopted the royal quartering also! The true line, ancient baronets, remain in the Isle of Wight. It seems by Sir Jonah Barrington's Anecdotes, that *his* ancestors emigrated to Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Daines was a minor *litterateur*, who collected together some curious minutiae. His volume of Observations on the Old Statutes is esteemed useful; he loved research; but his dullness cannot be overcome. His father begun as a political and theological adventurer, and raised himself to a good estate, and an Irish viscounty. They were altogether an ambitious, intriguing family, with no gleams of genius in any of them. The bishop, when nearly ninety, used to ride and canter in Hyde Park to the last. He was a generous patron to the learned clergy, whom he promoted to stalls and other preferments at Durham.

The strongest man on the episcopal bench in my youth was Warburton; but when I came to England he had sunk into a second childhood. Lowth was a more elegant scholar, and was also a man of some genius. I never could feel any admiration for Hurd. Porteus had not then been elevated to the mitre; but Porteus was not a strong man. I knew Hallifax: he was a meek man, with many acquirements, but not any force. I afterwards also knew Horne—quaint, good-humoured, fanciful, and of a minor ingenuity; but feeble, crotchety, and more vapoury than sound. His writings were a sort of syllabub—sweet but sickly. He did not enjoy the prelacy more than a year or two. His love of money made him keep a mean establishment.

We know very well, that let one do what he will, the greater part of those whom he must encounter in life will give it some perverse turn or comment. No one, therefore, can support a consistent character who bends to the caprice of others. If I dwell upon my sorrows, I am querulous; if I throw them off, I am reckless!—Such is the world's cruel habit of judging! We ought to live by our own severe consciences, and by nothing else!

He who enters life with a warm heart and strong imagination, lives for some time in a mist, and is beset with visions and shadows. As age and experience advance, his judgment begins to operate. But then it is commonly too late to protect his fortune, and obtain the ends of his ambition. It rarely happens that men who rise to the top of the ladder are men of primary talents, and still less of genius. Genius is commonly driven into solitude by a sensibility too delicate and too morbid for the world.

I look back upon the men of genius and of talent, with whom I have been personally acquainted, and with whose writings I have been conversant. When I meditate calmly, and allow no interference of passion or prejudice, strange and painful reflections arise in my mind. Dark spots, imperfections, weaknesses, absurdities, meet me every where. Men have gained reputation, one does not know how; and will retain it, one does not know how little a while! Nothing, which is the mere result of laborious acquirement, will last. Almost all those who write well, write rapidly. Johnson did so: Sir Walter Scott does so.

The deficiency I have found in most of these distinguished persons has been their want of extension and variety. A mixture with the world will not do, unassisted by solitary contemplation, neither will the reverse do—for lonely thought not brought to the test of experience almost always leads to delusions. In one or other of these, most of those with whom I have had acquaintance have been defective.

My wanderings on the Continent have enabled me to see men and manners in infinitely diversified lights. But the first appearances of dissimilitude soon fade away. Human nature is nearly the same every where, and there is less in national character than I once supposed.

I have been accused of levity, and a restless migratory disposition and temper; and the stale adage has been urged upon me, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." This has been said by those who do not guess how little of my time has been spent in idleness. No man has written more than I have written, though my name has not been affixed to it; and few in a greater variety of departments. I know that there are those who do not consider my verses to be poetry, but they are the lovers of the extravaganza style, who love the caricatures of puppet-shows and wonders; who think the greater monster the nobler invention and brighter genius. They misapprehend the fairy castles, and heroes, and giants of Spenser, and forget that they are allegories justified by the manners of the age, under which moral truths are always couched; so that Spenser is no authority at all for their absurd theories and vile taste. What they take to be brilliant imagination bears the same resemblance to genuine poetical fiction, as spiced cookery bears to natural fruits. The excellence of what is imagined is in proportion to its resemblance to life. If poetry does not instruct as well as amuse, it is of little value. It ought always to have a moral at the bottom.

The charge of romantic, in its unfavourable sense, does not belong to me. I claim the praise of knowing man as he is, and of seeing all his foibles. I scarcely dare say that vanity is an universal passion,—perhaps jealousy or envy is more universal; but there are more uni-

versal passions than one. None offends like vanity, and none makes persons who indulge it so ridiculous. There is a self-delusion, which blinds the ill-favoured to their own deficiencies.

One of the purest charms of life is the view of natural scenery; the change of the seasons; the contrasts of morning, noon, evening, and night. We are sometimes accused of affectation when we thus admire,—because, when others are expressing their raptures on the actual scenes, we are silent. The accusers have forgot the anecdote told by Dr. Currie of Burns, when he was charging the enemy with Wallace at Bannockburn! As a proof of our sincerity, we are called upon to be always out of doors, and always looking outward instead of inward. This does not betray much knowledge of the real movements of our nature.

This love of nature, as we grow older, still augments: perhaps it is a little more chastised, but it is not less warm:—it never tires, and it never fades. The magnificence and beauty of natural scenery have none of the imperfections of animate nature. There is something in the chords of our bosoms which responds to it, like the harp to the wind. For years together I have never failed to watch the first dawn of day. Whilst I write this sentence, I see the tops of the mountains begin to glimmer under the grey light which is shooting its rays through the clearing mist of the atmosphere. At this last word, the clock strikes five; and now the green valley and the blue river begin to show themselves distinctly. In half an hour the curtain of billowy clouds will be entirely drawn up.

My literary correspondence was once numerous, but almost all the writers are now gone to their last homes. I have been less careful of their letters than I ought to have been: but through life I have been habitually careless of my papers; they have been Sybilline leaves dispersed by every wind. I have kept them in no order, and could rarely find any one when I have wanted it. My constant change of residence has still aggravated this disorder. I have seldom passed two years together in the same place. After I was sixty I resided some time in the northern courts, and, like old Bonstetten, learned at that age the northern languages. I had the curiosity to visit Moscow, after the fire which caused Napoleon's memorable retreat.

Poor Captain Heywood, of the *Bounty*! I knew him well. How curious his pursuit of the apparition of Christian returned to his native mountains of Cumberland? The portrait of John Adams in Beechey's voyage is very interesting, and the other plates of Pitcairn's island. Perhaps there is not a more interesting volume in the Family Library than this which gives the history of the mutiny of the *Bounty*. Nearly of the same class of amusement are Basil Hall's *Fragments of Voyages*.

After all the complaints of misfortunes and wrongs, life is pretty much what we choose to make it. Our own evil passions are our greatest injurers. If we do but think rightly, and feel rightly, we may be happy. How inexpressibly useful, important, and necessary, then, is virtuous and eloquent literature, which enlightens and guides the mind! It teaches us to rise above all those petty rivalries and imitations, which disturb the peace of life. The want of rank and wealth is only felt by an ill-regulated head and heart. To feel abased

before one who is richer and more highly titled than us is caused by a mean and grovelling spirit. To insult such persons, as Swift was accustomed to do, is equally mean. There is a magnificent stanza or two in Thomson's delightful "Castle of Indolence," as to the pleasures which are equally open to all. Not one of the most intense and least satiating pleasures of human existence depends on station or affluent fortune. Does the view of the sun, and skies, and enjoyment of the free air, depend on them? Does the power of reading a noble work of genius depend on them? Does the exercise of our natural and most amiable affections depend on them? Rank and station do not give acuteness of intellect, or sensibility of heart.

Thus the happiness of the people is in the power of the public press; but there also may lie the unhappiness of the people, if it be abused. If it is exerted to inflame the discontented passions of the people, then it is the infliction of a terrible plague! Demagogues for the ends of their own selfish ambition are apt to do this, or they are apt to do it from a not more excusable motive—that their publications may sell, because the mob like to be flattered in their passions, and will buy only what pampers their appetites. I am now only repeating a remark which is every day made, when I say that the present press follows the popular mind, instead of leading it. Perhaps it may be answered that this is only to follow the example of Hampden, to pretend to yield, in order more efficaciously to wind round, and bring over the opponent by flattery. Such an apology would be more subtle and plausible than true.

We must take governments with all their human imperfections upon them, and it is argued that we ought to prefer a bad government to no government at all; but this question seems to me a very doubtful one—

.....Manus hæc, inimica tyrannis,
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.

My ancestors have fought against tyranny for nearly a thousand years, and I would grasp my sword in such a cause even in the last breath of feeble age. It is true that a particular ancestor took the part of James II. from religious principles, but he was not the less a lover of constitutional liberty. My country has always been oppressed, and my grandsires have in innumerable instances suffered severely by bold attempts to stem the torrent of corruption, which has consequently withheld from them the favours of the crown, while mean people have been put over their heads. Probably in European history no government has been uniformly so corrupt as that of Ireland. Under these circumstances I have spent a very small portion of my life in my native kingdom, always preferring England or the Continent. My neglected fragments of ancient patrimony have suffered accordingly.

Too large a portion of my life has been spent in controversy with oppression. Injury and insult make me strong:

Facit indignatio versum.

I understand that many persons deem me too severe and satirical:

to prove me so, they must demonstrate that my characters are unjust. I will not deny that my disappointments have sometimes had a tendency to breed spleen in me. In speaking of so many people with freedom, I am fully aware that I must make numerous enemies, and that a great deal of secret detraction will be exerted against me. One comfort is, that as the growing infirmities of age prevent me from any longer mixing much with society, I hear but little of the revengeful malignities which I know are poured out upon me. If I am sometimes piquant, it is because the public attention requires to be so excited.

It is long since I have withdrawn myself from London; of the new generation of authors and fashionables I know nothing.

There is scarce a branch of the laws which does not want reform. Their complexity, dilatoriness, and costs, are the evils. "Why," it has been often said to me, "have not you also taken a part in these attempts at reform? why have you led a life of such inactivity in public life? why have you lingered in so obscure a path?" I do not think that the path has been obscure, though I have trod it in a mask. There are few important subjects in domestic legislation in which I have not mixed myself, and sometimes not without some effect.

As to my private concerns, though I never in fact sat in parliament either in England or in Ireland, I had good reason to suppose that I was entitled to a seat in the upper house of the former. Some generations ago, one of my ancestors married an English lady of high blood, not then an heiress, but whose posterity became heirs to her family by the failure of descendants of her brother's. I petitioned the King, and had my case referred to the Attorney-general of the day, but never could get any further. The vexatious obstacles thrown in my way were innumerable—1. I had to establish that the honour I claimed was really and in strict law a barony in fee. 2. The descent of my ancestress. 3. The failure of posterity of all her brothers. 4. To clear away some attainders. The third was the most difficult of all, though no rational doubt could be entertained of the fact.

Lord Redesdale got scent of what was going on before the Attorney-general, and interfered in the most unconstitutional manner. He exercised all his labour and all his subtleties to invent doctrines of his own with regard to baronies in fee, which outraged all settled law on the subject. The late Mr. Cruise, the conveyancer, has written a popular volume "On Dignities," where the commonly-received doctrines are laid down clearly enough, though the work is far too superficial. When he wrote, the *Lisle* claim had not come before the Lords. Mr. Nicolas has published a most useful report of that case, in which Lord Redesdale's line of opposition must astonish and disgust every sound lawyer. The noble lord ventured to contradict the authority of Sir Edward Coke, and even to accuse the very learned and celebrated Chief Justice of having absolutely invented the *Abergavenny* case, which he has given in his Reports. The late Sir Anthony Hart, counsel for Sir John Sydney, demolished his lordship's arguments at every step.

A profound book upon peerage-law is yet wanting; the practising

lawyers know nothing about it. It is amusing, when mixed up with facts; but the general reader would be soon weary were I to enter into details upon it.

I have often been called presumptuous for having opinions of my own on these subjects, as if in a free country a man were not allowed to think for himself. He ventures his statements, his arguments, and his opinions, at his own peril. If he is wrong in any of them, the injury is only to himself; he is sure that sufficient vivacity of objection will be used against him. In my own case, no point of law or fact I contended for has been refuted, nor can be refuted; but mere arbitrary and unconstitutional nonsense was impudently and recklessly put forth with the vain hope of silencing me by brutal force. The Attorney-general did not understand the case, nor any part of the law of the subject; but he was too cunning to grapple with me by a detailed report; I could not therefore get him to commit himself on the question, where I could have thrown him on his back. He endeavoured to draw off attention on some part of the law of baronies by tenure and baronies by writ, which no one disputes, and contended that a certain death of a person, who if living would have been one hundred and thirty years old, was not legally proved, and that the death of another without issue, of which the presumptive proofs amounted to a moral certainty, was not satisfactorily made out,—all which showed the absolute necessity of the protection of a jury as to facts.

The Attorney-general endeavoured to daunt me by the pomp of official haughtiness, but he soon found that he had mistaken his person. Having used two or three words of provocation to me, I opened upon him the spirit and flood of my Irish vivacity, till he grew pale, and shook, and gnashed his teeth, and the room trembled, and two or three lawyers and a witness who attended attempted by entreaties to drag me out of the room. Mr. Attorney threatened to bring me up before the King's Bench; I defied him, and he was glad to let the matter rest. The creature is now dead, and I will not expose his name.

This illegal tribunal of an Attorney-general is quite a modern practice, an usurpation of the law, not sanctioned by text-books, statutes, or old precedents; and it is a very bad one, an encroachment on the birthright of a British subject, as Lord Holt has proved. The constitution of England acknowledges no such judge. I have seen a printed tract on this subject, which, as it was imparted confidentially to me, I shall not cite, as it has never been published. I had intended to print a volume on the subject, but this gentleman has anticipated me. I have earnestly pressed the friend who communicated it to me to urge the author to give it to the public: the true law ought to be known. I suppose he hesitates, because he has treated certain legal characters with a rather unsparing hand.

A friend said to me, "There are men born to make enemies, and you are one of them! I am out of patience with your indiscretions! Have a little more disguise and management! Where would you have been now, if you had had the prudence and intrigue of others?" I know that through life I have found enemies in every quarter: I

am not willing to admit this to have been the cause. I own that the mob, great or small, do not like truths regarding themselves, unless they are a good deal sugared. But I glory in the courage and directness with which I have exposed prejudice, malignity, and ignorance, and do not regret any enmity which I have incurred in such a cause. I have lived to see the public come over to many of my opinions; and many doctrines, which, when I urged them twenty or thirty years ago, were thought crude and prejudiced opinions, are now very generally advocated, and considered by all the most enlightened minds to be incontrovertible. I especially allude to some of the chief principles in political economy, on which the prosperity of the mass of the population hinges. Almost thirty years ago I wrote several anonymous pamphlets on the poor laws, the corn laws, and the currency. I look back to these with pride, because the whole series of subsequent events has verified them. The commercial and manufacturing part of the nation treated them with contempt at the time.

He who suffers himself to be put down by rude treatment or contradiction will be silenced in an early part of his career. No genius, or force of mind, or copiousness of knowledge, will protect him from the sneers and scoffs of envious malignity or mercenary opposition. Even the holy and magnificent spirit of Milton was in his life time insulted by the foulest language of satanical detraction. The pious Hooker did not escape, and Clarendon, even to this day, is pursued by opprobrious names.

He who lives in the world without intervals of seclusion, has the sharp end of his apprehension blunted. Familiarity deadens all distinctions: we recklessly take things as they are, and become indifferent to character, virtue, or talents. With such men sentiment is crushed, or imagination rendered lifeless by despondence. Burke expresses an opinion of this kind, I think in his Letter to a Member of the National Assembly. The reader must not expect me to cite books; I cannot carry a library about with me.

One of the effects of age is, not only that my memory is imperfect, but that my spirits are soon exhausted. Nature made me morbidly sensitive even in the vigour of life: I am somewhat calmed now, but not as calm as I ought to be; a word, a frown, a passing cloud, often destroys my sunshine and self-complacence for a whole day. This will appear incredible to a superficial observer, who will take me to be noisy, turbulent, audacious, and irrepressible. Werter said more than fifty years ago, "mere existence is pleasure;" so I have often found it. The eloquent author has at last himself ceased to exist, after a venerable length of years: the vigour of his imagination, no doubt, contributed to his longevity.

THE LUST-GARTEN.—(*Lügh Gartan.*)

“Ei! ei! er denkt's den Menschen nackzuahmen.
Geh er nur g'rad', in Teufels Namen!”

Faust von Göthe.

“Ha! ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men. Go straight on, in the Devil's name!”

Shelley's Translation.

It was a fine bright afternoon, in the month of August, when the carriage which I had hired at Coblenz wound slowly down the long descent which leads from Ehrenbritstein to Ems, after passing the barrier which admits us into the duchy of Nassau. I had leisure, in doing so, to admire the extreme beauty of the scenery as we gradually approached the most beautiful of all the Baths in Germany. The lofty hills on every side, covered with foliage of the richest description, and the gentler slopes not yet entirely divested of the yellow livery of Ceres, gave an air of greater luxuriance than I had observed in the dominions of Prussia; and the change, which was apparent as I proceeded, was manifestly an improvement. Our pace was slow, and I got out of the carriage in order more fully to enjoy the scene, uninterrupted by the frequent jolts which the inequalities and steepness of the way occasioned. At a sudden turn of the road, I was struck by observing a precipitous cleft of dark grey granite, rising from a soil which bore little signs of cultivation, though above the summit of the rock the foliage was as thick as ever. A solitary cottage stood near, and the blackened ruins of its broken wall and dismantled hearth, showed that once it had been the dwelling of man, though now abandoned. The loneliness of the spot, amid a scene of so much fertility and beauty, impressed me very strangely, and I demanded of the driver what place it was. “Es ist nur ein silber-werke,”* he replied; “there are plenty of mines in this neighbourhood, and if der Herr is fond of visiting them, he may find plenty to amuse him.” “Move on gently,” I answered, “while I go nearer to this and examine it *en passant*; and wait for me at the foot of the hill; I shall not keep you waiting long.”

The man resumed his pipe and the guidance of his horses, and moved quietly forward, as I approached the rock which had attracted my attention. The barrenness of the soil, mixed with the discoloured masses of ore and fragments of stone, were sufficient signs of the proximity of a mine—where Nature seems, by the harshness of her exterior aspect, to repel all search for the treasures which she conceals within her bosom—in vain, however, for science and avarice are alike combined in prompting mankind to make the discovery. I paused before the lonely cottage, which appeared quite tenantless; at least, so I judged from the broken door which hung on one hinge, and was only half closed, as if the wind or its fall had fixed it in that position. A small square window, with one slender bar of iron across it, yellow with rust, betokened also in my opinion the absence of an inhabitant. It was therefore with some degree of surprise, that I heard a low chinking sound proceed from the hovel, which involuntarily made me start, imagining, as I did, that I was *alone*. I listened, and concluded that it was the temporary abode of some miner during the progress of work in the day-time, and advanced towards the window to see who was the occupant of so slightly attractive a dwelling. A quantity of loose sand, which was spread about the ground, caused me to make my approach without noise; and I leaned over the window sill

* It is only a silver-mine.

to reconnoitre, while my surprise increased as I observed what was within. On a heap of loose stones immediately before me, I saw the figure of a man apparently above the middle height, but seated, and instantly employed with a small hammer in chipping away the fragments of an obdurate lump of stone or metal, and carefully placing each broken part in a small leathern bag, which was suspended from his neck. His dress was of a sombre hue—the *Gris marengo* of the French, or Oxford grey of our own denomination—with military-looking Hessian boots and black japanned spurs, and a low-crowned hat with a broad brim, which quite overshadowed his face, as he bent down towards his work. Beside him lay a black riding whip. I should have imagined him to be merely a geologist by simply glancing at his occupation, but there was something in his figure more than his appearance which contradicted this belief. I gazed at him therefore in silence, resolving not to interrupt his pursuit, till, by raising his head, I should obtain a glimpse of his features, and see whether (for I profess my faith in physiognomy) it gave me encouragement to proceed. My reverie was, however, broken by the object of it—“*Kennst du mich?*”* was the sudden interrogation of this mineralogical amateur, which, *without looking up*, he uttered in a strong deep voice. It seemed odd that he should have been aware of my presence, for I stood obliquely in his rear, and he never ceased the work on which he was engaged. My approach too had unintentionally been as noiseless as the lizard's.

“*Kennst du mich?*” he repeated, as in the surprise of being addressed I hesitated to reply. “No, friend,” I at length replied, “I imagine not; I am perfectly a stranger here, and know no one.” “You do well,” he answered, “and it's lucky for you! Many *think* they know me, but few are *quite right*.” “Are you connected with this silver mine?” I inquired; “perhaps you are the proprietor—if so, I should apologize for intruding on your property.” “*I am* the owner of the mine,” he replied; “but you, or any man, are welcome to come here. I *hinder* no one's desires!” Neither the manner nor the tone of my acquaintance seemed peculiarly inviting, notwithstanding the profession which they implied. I therefore simply said, “Curiosity only brought me here for a moment—I will not interrupt you further.” “Nothing impedes *my* work,” he answered; “a spectator more or less makes little difference.” I still lingered an instant in hopes of catching a glimpse of the countenance of this zealous labourer, but his averted face remained still concealed. “*Leben sie nohl,*”† I exclaimed, in giving him the common parting salutation, as I retired from the hut. “*Und eie desglichen,*”‡ was the reply, in a tone which seemed more earnest than usually accompanies the words. I turned away; but whilst the clinking of the hammer was for a moment suspended, I heard a hoarse laugh attest the gratification which this surly being experienced in being left alone.

I soon rejoined the carriage, which I found waiting for me; and I was not sorry in the rapidity of the motion to change the course of my thoughts, which had become unpleasantly connected with the individual whom I had just seen. The sound of music and the strains of a well-known waltz, as I passed the first inn, and saw that the dance was begun among the peasants, directed them soon into a different channel; and when we stopped at the Hotel de Russie I had quite forgotten the slight incident I have above narrated. I was too late for the table d'hôte dinner, which in Germany generally occurs at one; so after performing that necessary arrangement alone, I set forth to make a general reconnoissance of the place. I passed the wells, the promenade, and strolled onwards to the extremity of the baths, intending, if I saw anything sufficiently attractive, to establish myself in some quiet domicile, in preference to remaining at

* Do you know me?

† Fare you well.

‡ And you also.

an hotel. With this object in view, I was struck by the appearance of a pretty white cottage, with green blinds. The jealousies were closed, and nobody answered to the repeated knocks I made at the door, which made me fancy it uninhabited, or the owner absent. It looked, however, too full of promise to be given up lightly; and as I had been told that any house in the place might be had for money, I resolved to explore it. Trying the latch therefore, and finding that it yielded, I entered. I first knocked at the door of an apartment, but obtained no answer, so I mounted the staircase, imagining, as I proceeded, that I heard the sound of voices. Nor was I deceived. Here I knocked again, and was desired to enter; and when I opened the door, I was amused by the sight which greeted me. In the centre of a spacious salon was placed a small dining-table, on which was a large china dish heaped with the finest peaches; beside them rose in graceful proportion two long-shanked, bell-mouthed green glasses, the rims of which were richly gilt in flowers and festoons; and to show that these goblets were not uselessly there, a bottle of Johannisberg (not the Dorf, but the real Schloss) half expended, and on it the date 1757, formed the *sine qua non* of the entertainment. Seated at the table, and intent on doing justice to the golden juice of the Rhine, (for I heard the glasses ring simultaneously on the board as I entered,) were installed two personages. One was a man of ordinary mien, with little remarkable in his appearance; the other deserves a more particular description. He was a stout-built, elderly man, or, as Falstaff says, in speaking of himself, "a goodly, portly man, i' faith, about fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to threescore," with sufficient amplitude of stomach to denote him one of those who neglected not the creature-comforts of the earth. His eyes shone with a merry twinkle, and a lively joyous expression irradiated his whole countenance from the corners of his expansive mouth to the extremity of his rubicund nose, which might serve as the Pharos to the port of Bacchus which smiled beneath. Here in the glow of the evening, were these two worthies seated; the elder of whom it was evident was the host, for his air was not to be mistaken, as with outstretched limbs and a look of gratified pride, he leaned himself back, "taking his ease in his inn," and enjoying the combined luxuries of conversation, wine, and a delicious evening.

As I entered, I half imagined I was wrong in taking this abode for a caravansarai, but the sight of the words "Tag. 2 fl." in gold letters over the door again re-assured me; the answer to my question put it out of doubt. "May I ask if this house, or any part of it, is to let?" "Frohlich, mein Herr,"* answered he of the merry countenance, completing the operation of filling up, which he was in act of performing as I spoke. "Frohlich, mein Herr, as much of it as you please. This is the Lust Garten of Ems, the prettiest house in all the place, and I am the owner of it. My name is Friedrich Heidenhaus—keep the Steinernen Haus, close to the great wells, opposite the Promenade; have wells or baths, in my own house, where you may either drink or swim—the first for nothing, the last for a trifle."

While pronouncing this eulogium, my friend arose and proceeded to show me all the capabilities of his mansion, which he led me all through; then into the garden, and finally he proposed the cellar, expatiating all the while on every thing around us with great volubility. His waters, he said, were good for everything, and cured every complaint; his wine was even *better*, for it kept people in such perfect health, that there was no necessity to drink his water; however, those that liked might mix them—he never did. His fruit-trees, he said, were the finest in Ems—he had had the honour that day of sending a bouquet from his garden to the Princess Henriette at the Chur, and he begged me to admire his

* Willingly, sir.

aviary, which contained some of the finest birds ever seen, "with voices like Tyrolese minstrels, and plumage as gay as the dress of the Grand Duke's hussars." We soon arranged our mutual affairs; and after settling that I should set up my household gods in the salon, where I had first discovered the Herr Heidenhaus, I left him to resume his libations, and wended back to my hotel, having gained the information that a countryman of my own was also a sojourner in the famous Lust Garten. Every one knows the routine of existence at a public bath; mine was nothing different from the rest. In the morning we drank the waters, and circulated through the promenades amidst invalids and musicians, some seeking health, others merely appetite; then the reading-rooms, the walks in the vicinity, the lounge at the bazaar, the *cortege* of donkeys with their scarlet saddles, and the equally scarlet caps of their drivers, all furnish amusement or occupation till the grand reunion at one o'clock, when each individual, appetized or otherwise, must render himself to his chosen *Gast-haus*, to discuss, if he can, those commons which are anything but short. After dinner, every one seeks their amusement as inclination leads them, in the numerous excursions which the scenery round Ems affords; and in the evening, the greater part meet again on the promenade, where they remain till dusk listening to the admirable music which is both sung and played. The wiser part then seek their own houses; the least so, though perhaps the majority, resort to the Redoute to lose their money, health, and temper, at rouge et noir or roulette. In all these recreations, necessary or for mere *delassement*, I participated, except the last, where even I did not enter, having neither the wish nor curiosity which usually conducts most people to the gaming-table. I was surprised to find, in a place where the numbers were so limited, that I had as yet formed no acquaintance with the countryman who I was assured lived in the same house with myself. Accident soon gave me to understand the cause. There happened to be a German prince of some celebrity staying at the baths, whom I was desirous of seeing. One evening, just as it was getting dusk, I caught a glimpse of him at the extremity of the walk, and having no particular object in view, I followed him into the Redoute, whither he bent his steps. At the door I met one of those conversational acquaintances whom one always meets with at those places; he entered with me, and after pointing out the prince to my observation, he proceeded to descant upon some of the company assembled, who had already begun to try their fortune. After mentioning two or three he paused, and asked me if I observed a young man who had just taken his seat, and was evidently preparing with avidity for the business which had brought him there. "But perhaps you know him," he said; "for he is a countryman of yours, and a fellow-tenant with yourself of the Lust Garten, and is so well known here since his sojourn in Ems, (though that is not long,) that to point him out would be superfluous." I assured him I was not acquainted with any Englishman at the bath, and moreover was especially desirous of seeing the man who divided my abode with me. "You will see enough of him, then, this evening," replied my informant, "if you have patience or motive to remain as long here as he does." "Is he, then, so decided a gambler?" "A constant one, at any rate; though his career, I fear, will be a short one—yet, perhaps, the shorter the better." "Is he then an unsuccessful speculator?" "Generally: at first he had a run of luck, but latterly the chances have gone against him. Last night he was successful; let us see whether he will break the bank to-night, as he has just said to one of the dealers."

If I before felt an interest in a person unknown, it is easy to suppose that this feeling was increased by the few words which I had just heard. I stationed myself, therefore, directly opposite Mr. R—, and attentively watched the fluctuations of the game, which with all its fallacies brought

success only to the table, its own shrine. He seemed well provided with the means of carrying on the war; and the attention with which he *pricked the game*, showed him not unobservant of the chances. At first, his stakes were not higher than those of the mustachioed gamblers round him, who hazarded at the utmost a few louis on the event. This style of play lasted for some time. He seemed at length to be weary of playing on a system, though evidently a safe one, and having backed *noir* tolerably high, the result of which was not favourable, he suddenly changed his plan, doubled his stakes, and appeared resolved to contest the fortune of the winning colour. At first the dusky hue lost, and the ominous words, so indifferently uttered by the croupier—“*rouge gagne et la couleur*”—seemed likely to annihilate the piles of gold which R—— so ostentatiously displayed; at last a turn prevailed, and he assumed fresh confidence: he won—only for a moment, then lost—lost—lost—and finally was penniless! I cannot describe the high degree of interest which I took in the progress of the game, though without any stake myself. In the course of it I had moved round to the opposite side of the table, and at the conclusion of R——’s part in it I was behind him. When the last card was turned which beggared him, I saw that the effect was fatal, as I heard him exclaim, “It is all gone—all—may the devil himself confound both the fool who lost, and the knaves who won!” As this ebullition was uttered in English, I was not surprised at its being said so loud,—such being the invariable custom of wandering Britons; but when I heard a few words spoken in English in reply, it startled me, and engaged my attention. “Such luck *may* happen,” muttered a voice near me. I turned, and observed a tall figure in black, whom I could not for a moment doubt to be him whom I had previously seen at the silver-mine. His face was not entirely averted, and I saw a countenance pale beyond humanity, with a dark eye, the fire of which was only repressed—not extinguished. The losing gamester remained for a few minutes absorbed apparently in the late sudden reverse of his fortunes, while the game continued as though the utter ruin of a fellow creature were either too frequent or too indifferent an occurrence to attract any attention. On the second repetition of the words, “*Faites votre jeu, Messieurs!*” the Englishman started, as a Frenchman behind him suddenly tapped him on the shoulder. “Pardon, *Messieurs!* si vous ne jouez pas, je voudrais bien profiter de l’occasion.” R—— rose formally, muttering some words which I only imperfectly heard, though I caught their meaning from what followed. “I would to God I knew where to get an hundred louis!” such sounded the half-pronounced wish. As he spoke, the stranger in black, who had been intent on his game, caught his eye, and said in a low voice in English, “The means are not difficult.” “Do you speak to me, sir?” said R——, offended at the interruption and the reply to his soliloquy. “Who else should I speak to?—have you won money, or do you want it?—I can help you either way!” A gambler, like a drowning man, will catch at a straw; though evidently by nature inclined to reject assistance so suddenly proffered, the demon of play overcame this latter feeling, and he answered: “Will you give me a proof of this?” “Yes.” “At once?” “No. The means are not here.” “When can I have them?” “To-night, at midnight, I will be with you.” “Were you the foul fiend you would be welcome! To-morrow then I shall have my revenge.” This colloquy passed so quietly, that had I not been so unobservedly near, it must have been lost upon me. When over, the stranger in black disappeared from the crowd, and R—— also by the door, which led towards the Lust-Garten. It was my wish to have spoken with him, for a strong motive influenced me, but he paced rapidly onwards, and had entered the house and shut himself up in his apartment before I could overtake him. As I loitered in the passage I could plainly hear his foot-

steps, as I measured the narrow limits of his lodging. I did not venture to intrude, for reflection had given me time to remember, that I had nothing to propose to him except my fears for the object he apparently had in view; and this was not likely to be well received. I mounted, therefore, to my own chamber, and sought by reading to dispel the excitement which had been produced by the occurrences of the evening. My thoughts, however, wandered, and I soon retreated to my bed-room, resolving to banish my thoughts in sleep. *Who* ever did so successfully? I at least was not an instance. The night was hot, and though the jalousies were down, the windows were open, and admitted the cool breeze which rose from the slight ripple of the river beneath. My bed-room, as well as the salon which I occupied, was built on a level with the garden, which rose a natural terrace above the ground-floor of the house, and the ascent from below was by a flight of steps. In vain I courted the dull god; not Henry of Lancaster turned oftener on his uneasy couch than I on mine, while the impassive feature of the croupier, the changeful countenances of the players, and all the mutabilities of *rouge et noir* still flitted before my eyes, and wearied me past expression.

Perhaps these ideas were partly kept in action by the continued tread of the Englishman in the basement, which I could still distinctly hear. This however suddenly ceased, and I could hear the door of his room unlocked, and presently a foot ascending the steps into the garden. Of course, I was less inclined to sleep now than ever; and with a feverish degree of anticipation I raised myself in my bed, and waited for some further event, which I felt could not be remote. After a few minutes, during which no sound escaped me, I heard the chimes of midnight from the belfry of the Chür Hans; and though I am positive that no latch was lifted for admittance, or the noise of an ascending step heard, to gain access to the garden, yet scarcely had the echo died away of the last dissonant note, when I heard a voice which I well remembered, accosting the Englishman R—— by name, and claiming the merit due to punctuality. "If you are as punctual in fact as in appearance, you are welcome," answered R——. "Let this be my answer," returned the stranger, and I heard the peculiar chink of metal, as if a heavy bag were struck or shaken. "And on what terms am I to be supplied?" asked the expectant; "what security do you require of me, who am a stranger—what interest do you demand?" "Oh! a *personal* security will answer my purpose, though you are a stranger to me; and for interest—I am no usurer—a per centage in coin is hardly an equivalent. I prefer a voluntary return for the favours of a friend, where the end corresponds with the intention." "I care not what the terms are," exclaimed R——, "so as I secure the money; at the most," he added, "I cannot be more utterly a beggar than I am at the present." "Step this way," said the stranger, "and the terms of our compact shall be ratified." I listened; but their voices were no longer audible. I waited anxiously for a minute, which seemed of ten times its ordinary duration; and finding that their conversation was lost, I rose cautiously, and moved to the window, where through the opening of the blind, I discovered the two figures at the extremity of the garden. The moon cast a fitful ray over the spot, and I perceived that the Englishman knelt, while the other was apparently repeating a formula and sign—the purport of which binding him to the observance of some oath, was rendered unintelligible at that distance. On a sudden a vague idea entered my mind, of a nature too horrible to give utterance to, and simultaneous with that thought, the dark figure turned towards me, and I felt the withering glance of his eye, as if evidently detecting my presence, and triumphing in the success of his undertaking. I felt an undefinable sensation of dread overpower me; I strove

to speak, but failed in the endeavour—my senses seemed bewildered—all consciousness abandoned me; and when I again returned to recollection, I found myself gazing on the placid course of the Lahn, on which the moonlight shed its faintest beams, with no sign before me or around, of the scene which had possessed every sense.

On the following morning a letter was brought to me from the Post Office, giving me intelligence of a most dear friend lying dangerously ill, at Frankfort, which induced me to depart immediately by the mail, though no motive of pleasure could have withdrawn me from Ems at such a moment. Unwillingly and yet anxiously, I set out, and found that the state of my friend's health had not been exaggerated. It required much care and attention to recover him from the effects of a violent fever. A week elapsed before he was sufficiently restored to take any interest in passing events. The first thing I spoke of to him was the odd affair which had lately occupied me. A day or two afterwards I was sitting by his bedside reading the "*Frankfurter Nachricht*," when the following paragraph met my eye:—

“ *Ems, September —, 18—.*

“ An occurrence of a remarkable nature has just happened here. An Englishman, whose visits to the Redoute have been very frequent, has lately disappeared. Immense sums of money have it seems been transferred by him to the rouge et noir table, but a discovery has been made since his departure, that a large amount of base coin has been found among the recent acquisitions. Suspicion points to the Englishman, in whose apprehension the officers of justice are actively engaged.

“ Since writing the above, intelligence has been received of the Englishman, but we regret to add that he is dead. His body was discovered in a lonely hut, near an abandoned silver-mine, about half a mile (sternde) from hence. A deep wound on the left side was the cause of his death, evidently inflicted by a large hunting-knife, smeared with blood, which lay beside him. It is impossible to conjecture whether murder or self-destruction has been the cause of his death.”

My heart sickened within me as I remembered the scene in the Lust-Garten.

D. L.

THE MUSIC OF ORATORY.

"Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante."—BEAUMARCHAIS.

"The force of sound in alarming the passions is prodigious!"—AVISON ON MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

A FAMOUS orator of antiquity, we are told, was in the habit of "going down to the house," attended by a slave bearing a pitch-pipe; to the intent that whenever the master became heated in debate, and raised his voice above the concert pitch of senatorial politeness, the man should breathe a gentle note into his ear, and retune his soul to the humdrum monotony of aristocratic decorum. This was a bright idea of the old Roman's; and it is impossible to listen to the discordant screams of certain fire-eating debaters, without regretting that "the oaten reed" has not been adopted into the *materielle* of modern oratory. Every day's political experience shows more and more the necessity for its application, and proves that it is worthy of a place among the instruments of eloquence, far before Burke's dagger, or Lord Sidmouth's green bag of immortal celebrity. A trifling fact sometimes suffices to lay the foundation of an elaborate hypothesis. As the fall of an apple developed in Sir I. Newton's organ of constructiveness the noble theory of gravitation, so has this little anecdote of the pitch-pipe fermented in an humbler imagination, and elaborated a system concerning public speaking, which, I flatter myself, will cause a radical reform of the art, and make the immortality of its fortunate author. Whoever has taken the trouble of studying the great masters of eloquence, whether political, contentious, didactic, or patibulary, must have perceived that the whole art depends on the single physiological fact, that words are persuasive, not in virtue of their conventional meaning, but of the mode in which, as sounds, they affect the organs of hearing. Fools indeed may sometimes be successfully led by the nose; but men of the highest intellectual powers are only to be seduced into extravagant absurdities by the ears.

The word "humbug," and its concomitant expression of "humming the people," are clear evidences of the musical agency of oratory, and of the paramount influence of sound over sense, in the business of persuasion. The specific design of all oratory being to deceive, the means are certainly well adapted to the end; for sense would be little likely to lead an audience into error. That such, however, is the scope of oratory, can scarcely be disputed. Who ever heard of a rhetorical Euclid? or of an impassioned La Place? Demosthenes could not have made more plain the far-famed proposition, (whose discovery was estimated at an hecatomb by its grateful inventor,) than it is evinced by the unadorned demonstration of the geometer; and not all the figures of Burke or Curran could effect the slightest change in popular opinion, concerning a fifth place of decimals, in a well-constructed logarithm. The force of truth is diminished and often lost, when wrapped in a multitude of words. A simple "I promise to pay," is more convincing than the most florid address that ever fell from the lips of a candidate; and his Majesty's "done," in

reply to Lord Grey's "peace, reform, and retrenchment," was more satisfactory than a speech as long as the *Iliad*. For the purposes of deception, however, eloquence is omnipotent, and an infallible expedient for those who have nothing else to give. If popular assemblies were moved by their brains, the more a speaker abounded on an erroneous topic, the more evident would become the fallacy. But the tune being every thing, and the words as inconsequential as the verses of a Vauxhall song, the triumph of the art is certain: and the mass of mankind having their ears well tickled, are caught like a trout, and believe what every clever speaker chooses to advance for their edification. Every third-rate demagogue and Old Bailey counsel is aware of this; and is long winded in proportion to his own doubts of the goodness of his cause. A strong confirmation of this theory is to be found in the efficacy of party watchwords in debate. Every one knows that there are certain words and phrases, whose bare utterance is sufficient to set a whole population in a flame; and of which the distinctive quality is, that Johnson himself would be puzzled to reduce them to the ranks of common sense. There was in his day, "Wilkes and liberty," a combination of sounds about as intelligible as "He diddle diddle;" and in our times we have the "constitution in danger," which, though more musical than "Rum-ti-tiddly pig bow wow," is quite as senseless. The whole efficacy of such phrases can lie no where except in the sound; and yet they are more moving arguments than the best drawn syllogism that ever was constructed of major, minor, and conclusion. Observe, also, that it is precisely on such words as these that the practised orator bestows the utmost care in the enunciation; for though they are the nerves and sinews of a well-built speech, yet if they are sung out of tune, they will fall as flat to the ground as if there were not an ear to intercept them. Those who have arrived at years of maturity, must well remember the tremendous efficacy of the solemn and sepulchral cadences in which Pitt arranged the cuckoo song of "thrones and altars," "anarchy and dissolution of social order." What, does any one think, would have been the effect of these talismanic vocables, if they had been squeaked forth by a voice like a penny trumpet, or delivered with the hubble-bubble confusion of a tongue-tied orator? Why about as much as is now produced by these very words in the orations of country gentlemen to Pitt clubs and county meetings. It is to little purpose that the propositions are the same; the tune is different: or being sung by inferior musicians, has lost its charm, and is listened to with impatience and disgust. Another equally remarkable instance exists in the musical efficacy of the brogue upon an Irish auditory; I have carefully perused several of the most cogent speeches lately delivered in favour of a repeal of the union, which in fact set all Ireland by the ears; and I have found nothing in them, as written documents, calculated to move and excite: the whole therefore of their surprising effect must be attributed to the intonation of their delivery.

If there be the slightest truth in these speculations, it must at once flash upon minds even the least apprehensive, that oratory is still in its infancy; and that the cause of its limited power of persuasion is

its lamentable separation from the kindred art of music. It is notorious that the finest oration ever delivered by patriotism and eloquence personified, never succeeded in detaching a single vote from the ministerial phalanx: and the most pathetic sermon ever preached could not withstand the charity-freezing strains of the "hymn to be sung by the children only." To give oratory its full effect, and to render popular speakers really masters of the passions, their addresses should be given in recitative, and be accompanied by a full band. A great master of the art has placed its essence in action, and I do not dispute that a D'Egville might increase the powers of a declaimer. Every one knows the expression of "dancing mad;" and the turning a debate into a ballet of action might add much to the δεινότης of parliamentary eloquence: but surely melody is a matter of infinitely more importance! Nature points out to the rudest ears that each passion has its proper key, and every discourse its limited compass. If an actor should declaim the speech of Portia on mercy, at the same pitch at which Shylock deplores the loss of his daughter and his jewels; or if Cassius quarrelled with Brutus in the insinuating tones of Anthony haranguing over the body of Cæsar; the very stage carpenters and lamp-lighters would detect the blunder. Not only has each variety of declamation its appropriate gamut, but every public assembly has its peculiar tone; of which, if the novice be unaware, he will surely break down, though possessed of the logic of Brougham, and the rhetoric of Mackintosh. The House of Commons is notorious for its delicacy of ear, and for the fastidiousness with which it rejects the orator, whose tone is at variance with its habitual style. Thus the honourable member for—the Duke of Newcastle, was coughed unmercifully down, because he addressed to the house in the music of the conventicle: and the no less honourable member for all Ireland provoked its irascibility by bringing to that assembly the chaunt of the Catholic Association. Why is it, that Dr. Drowsy, who is heard with pleasure in the pulpit, is universally cut in good society? Simply because he tells his humorous stories in the same sleep-compelling rhythm with which he preaches. Imagine for a moment orator Irving asking a lady to take wine with the same depth of intonation in which he "deals d—nation round the land;" or announcing the coming millennium to the tune of Mr. Merriman's "strike up, physicianers." It would be as unmusical as an organ point in one of Rossini's *prestissimo* finales! Conceive a right reverend bishop lecturing Lord King to the music of Mr. Canning's "red lion;" or Mr. Hume dissecting a budget to the sprightly air of one of Sheridan's good stories; it would be as nauseous as a trifle compounded with oil and vinegar. Let every deliberative body therefore be forthwith provided with a complete orchestra, to drown the sense in an accompaniment; send the orators to school to Welsh and Garcia; let discourses be noted in score; let *fiorature* be substituted for trope and metaphor; let the transitions of the subject be introduced by appropriate modulations; and every speech be brought to a scientific conclusion by a regular coda, with at least four repetitions of the sub-dominant, dominant, and key note. The superior attraction of the opera house to all other theatres will give some notion of

what oratory would gain by such a reform. Nature, which in all things is superior to art, has given the common people the start on this point over the more accomplished and aristocratical speakers. Without the least knowledge of theory, and guided only by their instincts, our deceased friends the Charleys bestowed all their attention on the music with which they announced the flight of time; and in their customary "Pa-a-a-ast — o'clock!" sacrificed the distinctness of the specific hour to the graces and flourishes in which they enveloped the preliminary syllable. The itinerant vendors of small wares also uniformly rely less on the merits of their goods, than on that of the melody appropriate to each different calling. The sense is as subordinate to the sound in these outpourings of the ignorant, as in the most elaborate speeches of the practised orator: and a foreigner would be as much puzzled by a cry of "fresh salmon," or "live cod," as by an eulogium on the liberty of the press from the lips of Scarlett, or a panegyric on county meetings from his Grace of Wellington. The truth of these popular chaunts is the *ne plus ultra* of oratorical effect; and they cannot be turned from their original purpose without destroying the innovator. "Dust ho," sung to the melody of "meole below," or "groundsel for your birds," performed according to the notation of "lily white muffins," would be perfectly ridiculous. The wounded ears of the public would repudiate the mystification; and not a single article would be bought in a whole morning's cry. "Master Bernadine, you must rise and be hanged," would not be less likely to persuade.

For the introduction of these proposed improvements in oratory, the times in which we live offer especial inducements. The old school of public speaking is rapidly declining; no new orators are rising to take the places of the Pitts, Foxes, and Cannings, and a growing difficulty is felt by the most able politicians, in tuning their speeches to their party pitch, insomuch that debates often degenerate into a Dutch concert; Tories are surprised into bursts of liberality, and an opposition harangue is mistaken for the "*te dominum confitemur*" of the back benches of the Treasury. To abate this confusion, and to restore the order of regular debating, the musical reform would be most effectual. Sir Robert Peel may be an excellent leader in the House of Commons; but what is he to the little gentleman who, with a roll of music in his hand, keeps the chorus singers of the French opera in such excellent controul? Import, then, forthwith, the *generalissimo des doubles crochets*; place him in the most conspicuous seat in front of the Speaker's chair, and his manœuvres will do more towards forwarding right *measures*, and preserving the harmony of discussion, than all the standing orders of the House collectively and individually. The master evil of parliamentary affairs is, beyond all question, the loss of time and hindrance of business produced by the too prevalent intemperance of tongue. Every member thinks it for his dignity to speak upon every subject; and when once a man is fairly on his legs, he is only to be brought down by the most determined and indecent coughing. Now, if singing were substituted for plain speaking, only the good voices, the *noted* orators, would dare to open their mouths, while the time of each oration might be rigorously

determined by means of the metronome. The imputation of wrong motives, also, that *pons asinorum* of intemperate speakers, would be impossible, since it would be prevented by an immediate appeal to the senses; while all *untimely* remark would spontaneously end by putting the speaker out, and forcing him to sit down. By the judicious choice of appropriate airs, the effect of a speech would be wonderfully increased, and a member entering the House, however late, would at once know by the tune what was the subject of discussion. Complaints of grievances, for instance, would move a Sejanus to tears, if warbled to "Queen Mary's lamentation;" and Lord Eldon's jeremiads would disarm radicalism itself, when scientifically sung in seven flats minor. The budget would be beneficially illustrated by a figured bass; a war speech would come off well in a *tempo di marcia*; or a proposition for peace, to the tune of "The soldier tired of war's alarms." The flippancy of a junior lord of the admiralty, or a treasury clerk, would derive fresh spirit from a *motivo* in triple time; and a maiden speech on the address would go admirably to the air of "Gentle echo." Bishops would appropriately deliver themselves in an anthem, and Mr. Sergeant Lefroy denounce divine wrath against Orange rats to the hundred and fourth psalm. In finance committees, business would go on merrily to the tune of "Money in both pockets;" game laws would become palatable, if proposed, to "How sweet in the woodlands;" and periodical tirades on the flourishing state of the country, like the end of an Italian chorus, might be made up altogether of "*felicità, felicità, felicità.*" To men of single ideas, and to those whose business it is to speak against time, an invaluable resource would be opened, in that repetition, which, although most intolerable in speaking, is not only allowable, but beneficial in music; while the Lord Charleses would find their account, in covering out occasional pauses in the flow of their ideas, by the intervention of orchestral symphonies. Parliamentary coalitions would still continue to be prepared by judicious overtures. Waltzes would be most appropriate music for recantations of former opinions; and rats might "change sides and back again" to the sprightly country dance of "Moll in the wad." Largo movements would answer the purpose of adjournments to this day six months; high pressure measures would be carried through both Houses "*prestissimo con furia*;" and the price of wheat raised to the level of the landlord's expectation and wishes, to the tune of "Corn riggs are bonny." Parliamentary reform would be effectually deprecated to "O no, they never mention her;" press-gangs legalised, to "Rule, Britannia;" and ministerial delinquency, propped by bills of indemnity, to the popular old melody of "Could a man be secure." Great effects might likewise be produced by a masterly choice of instrumental accompaniments, after the manner of Collins's "Ode to the Passions." Those who have something to say for themselves should imitate the simplicity of Paesiello; while they who are not given to thinking might make a very taking speech by dint of a laboured instrumentation *à la Rossini*. Ministerial panegyrics should go to a flourish of trumpets; divorce cases would find their way to the hearts of "my lords," the judges, with a sufficient accompaniment of horns; and motions to fund Ex-

chequer bills would alone be appropriately introduced by a prelude on the jew's harp. Addresses to the throne from either House should be set to "Softly sweet in Lydian measures," executed by hautbois and flutes. Angry retorts should be accompanied by the "ear-piercing fife," with an occasional grunt from the trombone and the serpent; while ministerial defences should, according to all analogy, be supported by a due intermixture of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." General rules respecting style can hardly be expected where every man must consult his own genius; but country gentlemen should, as much as possible, confine themselves to the "*pastorale*;" the lords should affect the "*largo maestoso*;" appeals for indulgence should be made "*con espressione*;" and new taxes proposed "*non troppo presto*." Hume would shine especially in the "*canto figurato*;" while the Attorney-General must, *ex officio*, adopt the "*canto firmo*." Sir Robert would be elaborate, Mr. Macauley florid, and the Duke's discourses continue, as of old, to be delivered "*staccato*." The Lord Chancellor Brougham's favourite accompaniments would be "*pizzicato*;" but the tellers of marvellous stories would perform "*col arco*" (*longo*.) The Speaker, when called on to address the House, should never exceed the gravity of a "*cinque pace*;" the heavy speakers would inevitably choose the "*tempo di bore-ia*;" and the votes of the members always be counted to an elaborate *division* of running notes.

Should this improvement in public speaking be relished, it might be appended to the bills for reforming law, chancery, the parliament, or the church, to any of which it would form a natural rider. The changes it would require are very few; all that would be necessary would be the appointment of Sir George Smart as Speaker *pro tempore*, to put the machinery into movement; to place Spagnoletti for six months on the woolsack; and, as the printed *libretto* would supersede the necessity of reporters, to convert the gallery into an orchestra. Some objections, of course, would be started by those who, like Pizarro, "want no change," however necessary or just it might be. The plan would be baptized "a revolution;" the downfall of prosing would be called an "overthrow of our venerable constitution;" and all who are unable to time a tune would bubble about "vested rights." A little perseverance would, however, eventually carry it through. Catholic emancipation was not won in a day; and with some ministerial jockeyship, the singing bill might be smuggled through the House with the connivance of the ultra Tories, under the guise of an act for reviving the circulation of *notes*.

The application of the new system to forensic eloquence would probably meet with some opposition from the benchers and seniors of the bar, who do not like to be put out of their way; but the juniors, who are at present oftener seen in "Fop's-alley" than in Westminster Hall, would give all their influence to forward the change. To judges and juries it would recommend itself in many particulars. In the first place, much time might be saved, by making all the counsel engaged on the same side address the court together in a fugue or a canon, instead of each one performing, as at present, his separate solo. The melody would also materially assist the memory of the judge in

recapitulating evidence; while passing sentence, too, the "Dead march in Saul" would at once be vastly imposing, and would save a world of twaddle: and lastly, a musical speech from a chancery barrister of three mortal hours would be less likely to set the court to sleep, if delivered to a sprightly tune, than the monotonous orations which at present make such large demands on the judge's snuff-box.

It is, however, from the church that the most formidable opposition may be expected. All reforms in the church are bad in themselves, while there are too many who think the whole establishment not worth an old song. Polemic divines also are the sworn enemies of harmony, and the saints already object to the cathedral service as profane. It must be honestly confessed, that if the generality of incumbents were to sing as badly as they read, there would be some danger of driving their flocks into the arms of the sectarians, instead of sending "their souls upon a jig to heaven;" and it cannot be denied that, however fond of giving themselves *airs*, the clergy are less fitted for musical expression than the *lay-ity*. But then, on the other hand, would it not be a decided convenience to throw the whole labour of the church service upon the vicars choral, and to have the sermon, as well as the hymn, to be sung by the charity children? A weekly concert, too, in the parish church would reconcile the parishioners to the payment of tithes, and materially relieve the tedium of a country incumbency; while the high prices paid to opera singers would afford a precedent exceedingly favourable to the interests of dignitaries and rich beneficiaries.

With respect to the patibulary department of public speaking, it is falling into such general disuse, that little need be said on the subject. I see no reason, however, why felons should not die singing as well as swans, and nothing could be more natural than for them to make their exit in a suspended cadence. Besides, there is both a precedent established, and music already prepared for the occasion, in the Beggar's Opera. On the stage, the reform is already as good as completed: Rossini has superseded Shakspeare, and Kean and Young resigned the boards to Vestris and Paton. "Cherry ripe" draws better houses than Juliet, and Macbeth only goes down by the assistance of Locke's music. In a short time, therefore, we may expect that all speeches will be sung; that all public meetings will commence with three taps of the fiddle-stick; that Hansard will be published in score; that Mr. Wynn will practise his solfeggio; and that the whipper-in will go through Bellamy's, and the lobby, crying out, after the manner of the theatrical call-boys, "First music is playing." The moral, social, and political consequences of this revolution I must leave for a future occasion.

M.

PETER SIMPLE.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

I MUST now relate what occurred to me a few days before the ship sailed, which will prove that it is not necessary to encounter the winds and waves, or the cannon of the enemy, to be in danger, when you have entered his majesty's service: on the contrary, I have been in action since, and I declare without hesitation that I did not feel so much alarm on this occasion as I did on the one of which I am about to give the history. We were reported ready for sea, and the Admiralty was anxious that we should proceed. The only obstacle to our sailing was, that we had not yet completed our complement of men. The captain applied to the port admiral, and obtained permission to send parties on shore to impress seamen. The second and third lieutenants, and the oldest midshipmen, were despatched on shore every night, with some of the most trustworthy men, and generally brought on board in the morning about half a dozen men, whom they had picked up in the different ale-houses or grog-shops, as the sailors call them. Some of them were retained, but most of them sent on shore as unserviceable; for it is the custom, when a man either enters or is impressed, to send him down to the surgeon in the cock-pit, where he is stripped and examined all over, to see if he is sound and fit for his majesty's service; and if not, he is sent on shore again. Impressment appeared to be rather serious work, as far as I could judge from the accounts which I heard, and from the way in which our sailors, who were employed on the service, were occasionally beaten and wounded, the seamen who were impressed appearing to fight as hard not to be forced into the service, as they did for the honour of the country, after they were fairly embarked in it. I had a great wish to be one of the party before the ship sailed, and asked O'Brien, who was very kind to me in general, and allowed nobody to thrash me but himself, if he would take me with him, which he did on the night after I had made the request. I put on my dirk, that they might know I was an officer, as well as for my protection. About dusk we rowed on shore, and landed on the Gosport side; the men were all armed with cutlasses, and wore pea jackets, which are very short great coats made of what they call Flushing. We did not stop to look at any of the grog-shops in the town, as it was too early, but walked out about three miles in the suburbs, and went to a house, the door of which was locked, but we forced it open in a minute, and hastened to enter the passage, where we found the landlady standing to defend the entrance. The passage was long and narrow, and she was a very tall corpulent woman, so that her body nearly filled it up, and in her hands she held a long spit pointed at us, with which she kept us at bay. The officers, who were the foremost, did not like to attack a woman, and she made such drives at them with her spit, that had they not retreated, some of them would soon have been ready for

¹ Continued from p. 382, vol. iii.

roasting. The sailors laughed and stood outside, leaving the officers to settle the business how they could. At last the landlady called out to her husband, "Be they all out, Jem?" "Yes," replied the husband, "they be all safe gone." "Well, then," replied she, "I'll soon have all these gone too;" and with these words she made such a rush forward upon us with her spit, that had we not fallen back and tumbled one over another, she certainly would have run it through the second lieutenant, who commanded the party. The passage was cleared in an instant, and as soon as we were all in the street she bolted us out; so there we were, three officers and fifteen armed men, fairly beat off by a fat old woman, the sailors who had been drinking in the house having made their escape to some other place. But I do not well see how it could be otherwise; either we must have killed or wounded the woman, or she would have run us through, she was so resolute. Had her husband been in the passage, he would have been settled in a very short time; but what can you do with a woman who fights like a devil, and yet claims all the rights and immunities of the softer sex? We all walked away looking very foolish, and O'Brien observed that the next time he called at that house he would weather the old cat, for he would take her ladyship in the rear.

We then called at other houses, where we picked up one or two men, but most of them escaped by getting out at the windows or the back doors, as we entered the front. Now there was a grog-shop which was a very favourite rendezvous of the seamen belonging to the merchant vessels, and to which they were accustomed to retreat when they heard that the press-gangs were out. Our officers were aware of this, and were therefore indifferent as to the escape of the men, as they knew that they would all go to that place, and confide in their numbers for beating us off. As it was then one o'clock, they thought it time to go there; we proceeded without any noise, but they had people on the look out, and as soon as we turned the corner of the lane the alarm was given. I was afraid that they would all run away, and we should lose them; but, on the contrary, they mustered very strong on that night, and had resolved to "give fight." The men remained in the house, but an advanced guard of about thirty of their wives saluted us with a shower of stones and mud. Some of our sailors were hurt, but they did not appear to mind what the women did. They rushed on, and then they were attacked by the women with their fists and nails. Notwithstanding this, the sailors only laughed, pushing the women on one side, and saying, "Be quiet, Poll;"—"Don't be foolish, Molly;"—"Out of the way, Sukey; we a'n't come to take away your fancy man;" with expressions of that sort, although the blood trickled down many of their faces, from the way in which they had been clawed. Thus we attempted to force our way through them, but I had a very narrow escape even in this instance. A woman seized me by the arm, and pulled me towards her; had it not been for one of the quarter-masters, I should have been separated from my party, but just as they dragged me away he caught hold of me by the leg, and stopped them. "Clap on here, Peg," cried the woman to another, "and let's have this little midshipmite; I wants a baby to dry nurse." Two more women came to

her assistance, catching hold of my other arm, and they would have dragged me out of the grasp of the quarter-master had he not called out for more help on his side, upon which two of the seamen laid hold of my other leg, and there was such a tussle, (all at my expense,) such pulling and hauling; sometimes the women gained an inch or two of me, then the sailors got it back again. At one moment I thought it was all over with me, and in the next I was with my own men. "Pull devil; pull baker!" cried the women, and then they laughed, although I did not, I can assure you, for I really think that I was pulled out an inch taller, and my knees and shoulders pained me very much indeed. At last the women laughed so much, that they could not hold on, and I was dragged into the middle of our own sailors, where I took care to remain; and after a little more squeezing and fighting, was carried by the crowd into the house. The seamen of the merchant ships had armed themselves with bludgeons and other weapons, and had taken a position on the tables. They were more than two to one against us, and there was a dreadful fight, as their resistance was very desperate. Our sailors were obliged to use their cutlasses, and for a few minutes I was quite bewildered with the shouting and swearing, pushing and scuffling, collaring and fighting, together with the dust raised up, which not only blinded me, but nearly choked me. By the time that my breath was nearly squeezed out of my body, our sailors got the best of it, which the landlady and women in the house perceiving, they put out all the lights, so that I could not tell where I was; but our sailors had every one seized his man, and contrived to haul him out of the street door, where they were collected together, and secured.

Now again I was in great difficulty; I had been knocked down and trod upon, and when I did contrive to get up again, I did not know the direction in which the door lay. I felt about by the wall, and at last came to a door, for the room was at that time nearly empty, the women having followed the men out of the house; I opened it, and found that it was not the right one, but led into a little side parlour, where there was a fire, but no lights. I had just discovered my mistake, and was about to retreat, when I was shoved in from behind, and the key turned upon me; there I was all alone, and, I must acknowledge, very much frightened, as I thought that the vengeance of the women would be wreaked upon me. I considered that my death was certain, and that, like the man Orpheus I had read of in my books, I should be torn to pieces by these Bacchanals. However, I reflected that I was an officer in his majesty's service, and that it was my duty, if necessary, to sacrifice my life for my king and country. I thought of my poor mother; but as it made me unhappy, I tried to forget her, and call to my memory all I had read of the fortitude and courage of various brave men, when death stared them in the face. I peeped through the keyhole, and perceived that the candles were relighted, and that there were only women in the room, who were talking all at once, and not thinking about me. But in a minute or two a woman came in from the street, with her long black hair hanging about her shoulders, and her cap in her hand. "Well," cried she, "they've nabbed my husband, but I'll be dished if I haven't boxed

up the midshipmite in that parlour, and he shall take his place." I thought I should have died when I looked at the woman, and perceived her coming up to the door, followed by some others, to unlock it. As the door opened, I drew my dirk, resolving to die like an officer, and as they advanced I retreated to a corner, brandishing my dirk, without saying a word. "Vell," cried the woman who had made me a prisoner, "I do declare I likes to see a puddle in a storm—only look at the little biscuit nibbler showing fight. Come, my lovey, you belongs to me."

"Never," exclaimed I, with indignation. "Keep off, or I shall do you mischief," (and I raised my dirk in advance;) "I am an officer and a gentleman."

"Sall!" cried the odious woman, "fetch a mop and a pail of dirty water, and I'll trundle that dirk out of his fist."

"No, no," replied another rather good-looking young woman, "leave him to me—don't hurt him—he really is a very nice little man. What's your name, my dear!"

"Peter Simple is my name," replied I; "and I am a king's officer, so be careful what you are about."

"Don't be afraid, Peter, nobody shall hurt you; but you must not draw your dirk before ladies, that's not like an officer and a gentleman—so put up your dirk, that's a good boy."

"I will not," replied I, "unless you promise me that I shall go away unmolested."

"I do promise you that you shall, upon my word, Peter—upon my honour—will that content you?"

"Yes," replied I, "if every one else will promise the same."

"Upon our honours," they all cried together; upon which I was satisfied, and putting my dirk into its sheath, was about to quit the room.

"Stop, Peter," said the young woman who had taken my part; "I must have a kiss before you go." "And so must I; and so must we all," cried the other women.

I was very much shocked, and attempted to draw my dirk again, but they had closed in with me, and prevented me. "Recollect your honour," cried I to the young woman, as I struggled.

"My honour—Lord bless you, Peter! the less we say about that, the better."

"But you promised that I should go away quietly," said I, appealing to them.

"Well, and so you shall; but recollect, Peter, that you are an officer and a gentleman—you surely would not be so shabby as to go away without treating us. What money have you got in your pocket?" and without giving me time to answer she felt in my pocket, and pulled out my purse, which she opened. "Why, Peter, you are as rich as a Jew," said she, as they counted thirty shillings on the table. "Now what shall we have."

"Any thing you please," said I, "provided that you will let me go."

"Well, then, it shall be a gallon of gin. Sall, call Mrs. Flanagan. Mrs. Flanagan, we want a gallon of gin, and clean glasses."

Mrs. Flanagan received the major part of my money, and in a minute returned with the gin and wine glasses.

"Now, Peter, my cove, let's all draw round the table, and make ourselves cosey."

"O no," replied I, "take my money, drink the gin, but pray let me go;" but they wouldn't listen to me. Then I was obliged to sit down with them, the gin was poured out, and they made me drink a glass, which nearly choked me. It had, however, one good effect, it gave me courage, and in a minute or two, I felt as if I could fight them all. The door of the room was on the same side as the fire-place, and I perceived that the poker was between the bars, and red hot. I complained that I was cold, although I was in a burning fever; and they allowed me to get up to warm my hands. As soon as I reached the fire-place, I snatched out the red hot poker, and brandishing it over my head made for the door. They all jumped up to detain me, but I made a poke at the foremost, which made her run back with a shriek, (I do believe that I burnt her nose.) I seized my opportunity, and escaped into the street, whirling the poker round my head; while all the women followed, hooting and shouting after me. I never stopped running and whirling my poker until I was reeking with perspiration, and the poker was quite cold. Then I looked back, and found that I was alone. It was very dark; every house was shut up, and not a light to be seen any where. I stopped at a corner, not knowing where I was, or what I was to do. I felt very miserable indeed, and was reflecting on my wisest plan, when who should turn the corner but one of the quarter-masters, who had been left on shore by accident. I knew him by his pea jacket and straw hat to be one of our men, and I was delighted to see him. I told him what had happened, and he replied that he was going to a house where the people knew him, and would let him in. When we arrived there, the people of the house were very civil; the landlady made us some purl, which the quarter-master ordered, and which I thought very good indeed. After we had finished the jug, we both fell fast asleep in our chairs. I did not wake until I was roused by the quarter-master, at past seven o'clock, when we took a wherry, and went off to the ship.

When we arrived, I reported myself to the first lieutenant, and told him the whole story of the manner in which I had been treated, showing him the poker, which I brought on board with me. He heard me very patiently, and then said, "Well, Mr. Simple, you may be the greatest fool of your family for all I know to the contrary, but never pretend to be a fool with me. That poker proves the contrary; and if your wit can serve you upon your own emergency, I expect that it will be employed for the benefit of the service." He then sent for O'Brien, and gave him a lecture for allowing me to go with the press-gang, pointing out, what was very true, that I could have been of no service, and might have met with a serious accident. I went down on the main deck, and O'Brien came to me. "Peter," said he, "I have been jawed for letting you go, so it is but fair that you should be thrashed for having asked me." I wished to argue the point, but he cut all argument short by kicking me down the hatchway; and thus ended my zealous attempt to procure seamen for his majesty's service.

At last the frigate was full manned; and as we had received drafts

of men from other ships, we were ordered to be paid previous to our going to sea. The people on shore always find out when a ship is to be paid, and very early in the morning we were surrounded with wherries, laden with Jews and other people, some requesting admittance to sell their goods, others to get paid for what they had allowed the sailors to take up upon credit. But the first lieutenant would not allow any of them to come on board until after the ship was paid; although they were so urgent, that he was forced to place sentries in the chains with cold shot, to stave the boats if they came alongside. I was standing at the gangway, looking at the crowd of boats, when a black looking fellow in one of the wherries said to me, "I say, sir, let me slip in at the port, and I have a very nice present to make you;" and he displayed a gold seal, which he held up to me. I immediately ordered the sentry to keep him further off, for I was very much affronted at his supposing me capable of being bribed to disobey my orders. About eleven o'clock the dock-yard boat, with all the pay clerks, and cashier, with his chest of money, came on board, and was shown into the fore-cabin, where the captain attended the pay table. The men were called in one by one, and as the amount of wages due had been previously calculated, they were paid very fast. The money was always received in their hats, and counted out in the presence of the officers and captain. Outside the cabin door, there stood a tall man in black, with straight combed hair, who had obtained an order from the Port Admiral to be permitted to come on board. He attacked every sailor as they came out with their money in their hats, for a subscription to emancipate the slaves in the West Indies; but the sailors would not give him any thing, swearing that the niggers were better off than they were; for they did not work harder by day, and had no watch and watch to keep during the night. "Sarvitute is sarvitute all over the world, my old psalm singer," replied one. "They sarve their masters, as in duty bound; we sarve the king, 'cause he can't do without us—and he never axes our leave, but helps himself."

"Yes," replied the straight-haired gentleman; "but slavery is a very different thing."

"Can't say that I see any difference; do you, Bill?"

"Not I; and I suppose as if they didn't like it, they run away."

"Run away! poor creatures," said the black gentleman. "Why, if they did, they would be flogged."

"Flogged—heh! well, and if we run away, we are to be hanged. The nigger's better off nor we; an't he, Tom." Then the purser's steward came out; he was what they call a bit of a lawyer, that is, had received more education than the seaman in general.

"I trust, sir," said the man in black, "that you will contribute something."

"Not I, my hearty; I owe every farthing of my money, and more too, I'm afraid."

"Still, sir, a small trifle."

"Why, what an infernal rascal you must be, to ask a man to give away what is not his own property. Did not I tell you that I owed it all? There's an old proverb—be just before you're generous."

Now, it's my opinion, that you are a methodistical good for nothing blackguard; and if any one is such a fool as to give you money, you will keep it for yourself."

When the man found that he could obtain nothing at the door, he went down on the lower deck, in which he did not act very wisely; for now that the men were paid, the boats were permitted to come alongside, and so much spirits were smuggled in, that most of the seamen were more or less intoxicated. As soon as he went below, he commenced distributing prints of a black man kneeling in chains, and saying, "Am not I your brother?" Some of the men laughed, and swore that they would paste their brother up in the mess, to say prayers for the ship's company; but others were very angry, and abused him. At last, one man, who was tipsy, came up to him. "Do you pretend for to insinuate that this crying black thief is my brother?"

"To be sure I do," replied the methodist.

"Then take that for your infernal lie," said the sailor, hitting him in the face right and left, and knocking the man down into the cable tier, from whence he climbed up, and made his escape out of the ship as soon as he was able.

The ship was now in a state of confusion and uproar; there were Jews trying to sell clothes, or to obtain money for clothes which they had sold; bumboat men and bumboat women showing their long bills, and demanding or coaxing for payment; other people from the shore, with hundreds of small debts; and the sailors' wives, sticking close to them, and disputing every bill presented as an extortion or a robbery. There was such bawling and threatening, laughing and crying—for the women were all to quit the ship before sunset—at one moment a Jew was upset, and all his hamper of clothes tossed into the hold; at another, a sailor hunting every where for a Jew who had cheated him,—all squabbling or skylarking, and many of them very drunk. It appeared to me that the sailors had rather a difficult point to settle. They had three claimants upon them, the Jew for clothes, the bumboat men for their mess in harbour, and their wives for their support during their absence; and the money which they received was, generally speaking, not more than sufficient to meet one of the demands. As it may be supposed, the women had the best of it; the others were paid a trifle, and promised the remainder when they came back from their cruise; and although as the case stood then, it might appear that two of the parties were ill used, yet in the long run they were more than indemnified, for their charges were so extravagant, that if one-third of their bills were paid, there would still remain a profit. About five o'clock, the orders were given for the ship to be cleared. All disputed points were settled by the serjeant of marines with a party, who divided their antagonists from the Jews; and every description of persons not belonging to the ship, whether male or female, was dismissed over the side. The hammocks were piped down, those who were intoxicated were put to bed, and the ship was once more quiet. Nobody was punished for having been tipsy, as pay-day is considered, on board a man-of-war, as the winding up of all incorrect behaviour, and from that day the sailors turn over a new

leaf; for although some latitude is permitted, and the seamen are seldom flogged in harbour, yet the moment that the anchor is at the bows, strict discipline is exacted, and intoxication is never to be forgiven.

The next day every thing was prepared for sea, and no leave was permitted to the officers. Stock of every kind was brought on board, and the large boats hoisted and secured. On the morning after, at daylight, a signal from the flag-ship in harbour was made for us to unmoor; our orders had come down to cruize in the Bay of Biscay. The captain came on board, the anchor weighed, and we ran through the Needles with a fine N.E. breeze. I admired the scenery of the Isle of Wight, looked with admiration at Alum Bay, was astonished at the Needle rocks, and then felt so very ill that I went down below. What occurred for the next six days I cannot tell. I thought that I should die every moment, and lay in my hammock or on the chests for the whole of that time, incapable of eating, drinking, or walking about. O'Brien came to me on the seventh morning, and said that if I did not exert myself I never should get well, that he was very fond of me and had taken me under his protection, and to prove his regard he would do for me what he would not take the trouble to do for any other youngster in the ship, which was to give me a good basting, which was a sovereign remedy for sea-sickness. He suited the action to the word, and drubbed me on the ribs without mercy, until I thought the breath was out of my body, and then he took out a rope's end and thrashed me until I obeyed his orders to go on deck immediately. Before he came to me I could have never believed it possible that I could have obeyed him, but somehow or another I did contrive to crawl up the ladder to the main-deck, where I sat down on the shot racks and cried bitterly. What would I have given to be at home again! It was not my fault that I was the greatest fool in the family, yet how was I punished for it! If this was kindness from O'Brien, what had I to expect from those who were not partial to me? But by degrees I recovered myself, and certainly felt a great deal better, and that night I slept very soundly. The next morning O'Brien came to me again. "It's a nasty slow fever, that sea-sickness, my Peter, and we must drive it out of you;" and then he commenced a repetition of yesterday's remedy until I was almost a jelly. Whether the fear of being thrashed drove away my sea-sickness, or whatever might be the real cause of it I do not know, but this is certain, that I felt no more of it after the second beating, and the next morning when I awoke I was very hungry. I hastened to dress myself before O'Brien came to me, and did not see him until we met at breakfast.

"Pater," said he, "let me feel your pulse."

"O no!" replied I, "indeed I'm quite well."

"Quite well! Can you eat biscuit and salt butter?"

"Yes, I can."

"And a piece of fat pork?"

"Yes, that I can."

"It's thanks to me then, Pater," replied he; "so you'll have no more of my medicine until you fall sick again."

"I hope not," replied I, "for it was not very pleasant."

"Pleasant! you simple Simple, when did you ever hear of physic being pleasant unless a man prescribed for himself? I suppose you'd be after lollipops for the yellow fever. Live and larn, boy, and thank Heaven that you've found somebody who loves you well enough to baste you when it's good for your health."

I replied, "that I certainly hoped that much as I felt obliged to him, I should not require any more proofs of his regard."

"Any more such *striking* proofs, you mean, Pater; but let me tell you that they were sincere proofs, for since you've been ill I've been eating your pork and drinking your grog, which latter can't be too plentiful in the Bay of Biscay. And now that I've cured you, you'll be tucking all that into your own little breadbasket, so that I'm no gainer, and I think that you may be convinced that you never had or will have two more disinterested thumpings in all your born days. However, you're very welcome, so say no more about it."

I held my tongue and eat a very hearty breakfast. From that day I returned to my duty, and was put into the same watch with O'Brien, who spoke to the first lieutenant and told him that he had taken me under his charge.

As I have already mentioned sufficient of the captain and the first lieutenant to enable the reader to form an insight into their characters, I shall now mention two very odd personages who were my shipmates, the carpenter and the boatswain. The carpenter, whose name was Muddle, used to go by the appellation of Philosopher Chips, not that he followed any particular school, but had formed a theory of his own which he was not to be dissuaded from. This was, that the world turned round, so that in a certain period of time every thing was to happen over again. I never could make him explain upon what data his calculations were founded: he said that if he explained it, I was too young to comprehend it; but the fact was this, "that in 27,672 years every thing that was going on now would be going on again, with the same people as were existing at this present time." He very seldom ventured to make the remark to Captain Savage, but to the first lieutenant he did very often. "I've been as close to it as possible, sir, I do assure you, although you find fault; but 27,672 years ago you were first lieutenant of this ship, and I was carpenter, although we recollect nothing about it; and 27,672 years hence we shall both be standing by this boat, talking about the repairs, as we are now."

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Muddle," replied the first lieutenant, "I dare say that it is all very true; but the repairs must be finished this night, and 27,672 years hence you will have the order just as positive as you have it now, so let it be done."

This theory made him very indifferent as to danger, or indeed as to any thing. It was of no consequence, the thing was in the course of time. It had happened at the above period, and would happen again. Fate was fate.

But the boatswain was a more amusing personage. He was considered to be the *taughtest* (that is, the most active and severe) boatswain in the service. He went by the name of "Gentleman Chucks," the latter was his surname. He appeared to have received half an

education; sometimes his language was for a few sentences remarkably well chosen, but all of a sudden he would break down at a hard word; but I shall be able to let the reader into more of his history as I go on with my adventures. He had a very handsome person, inclined to be stout, keen eyes, and hair curling in ringlets. He held his head up, and strutted as he walked. He declared "that an officer should look like an officer, and *comport* himself accordingly." In his person he was very clean, wore rings on his great fingers, and a large frill to his shirt, which stuck out like the back fin of a perch, and the collar of his shirt was always pulled to a level with his cheek bones. He never appeared on deck without his "persuader," which was three rattans twisted into one like a cable; sometimes he called it his Order of the Bath, or his *Trio juncto in uno*; and this persuader was seldom idle. He attempted to be very polite even when addressing the common seamen, and certainly he always commenced his observations to them in a very gracious manner, but as he continued he became less choice in his phraseology. O'Brien said that his speeches were like the Sin of the poet, very fair at the upper part of them, but shocking at the lower extremities. As a specimen of them, he would say to a man on the forecastle, "Allow me to observe, my dear man, in the most delicate way in the world, that you are spilling that tar upon the deck—a deck, sir, if I may venture to make the observation, I had the duty of seeing holystoned this morning. You understand me, sir, you have defiled his majesty's forecastle. I must do my duty, sir, if you neglect yours; so take that—and that—and that—(thrashing the man with his rattan)—you d—d haymaking son of a sea cook. Do it again, d—n your eyes, and I'll cut your liver out."

I remember one of the ship's boys going forward with a kid of dirty water to empty in the head without putting his hand up to his hat as he passed the boatswain. "Stop, my little friend," said the boatswain, pulling out his frill, and raising up both sides of his shirt collar. "Are you aware, sir, of my rank and station in society?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, trembling and eyeing the rattan.

"O, you are!" replied Mr. Chucks. "Had you not been aware of it, I should have considered a gentle correction necessary that you might have avoided such an error in future; but as you *were* aware of it, why then, d—n you, you have no excuse, so take that—and that—you yelping, half-starved abortion. I really beg your pardon, Mr. Simple," said he to me, as the boy went howling forward, for I was walking with him at the time; but really the service makes brutes of us all. It is hard to sacrifice our health, our night's rest, and our comforts; but still more so that in my responsible situation, I am obliged too often to sacrifice my gentility."

FRENCH POLITICS.

THERE must be opposite political parties in every free or representative government ; but it is requisite that the separation betwixt them, even if wide, be not fundamental. In order that the system should work in peace, and the struggle of parties produce enlightenment in lieu of disorder, it is necessary that both should acknowledge one principle, and thus part, as it were, from a common point. The breach or oblivion of this rule, has been the cause of all the failures of French Assemblies in grasping at freedom. If a monarchy be the acknowledged government, one may lean to the popular, the other to the royal or aristocratic side ; and yet the struggle betwixt them be not only parliamentary, but courteous. Whilst one portion of an assembly or nation, however, is attached to kingly government, another to a republic, it is impossible that such difference can be fairly discussed in debate ; it is too fundamental. Argument cannot decide it. Violence and conspiracy are resorted to in general by the minority, as legitimate arms in a question where logic is vain ; and political debate, instead of being carried on by the orators of a senate, is waged and decided betwixt armed partizans and soldiers in the streets.

Such is the state and the misfortune of France, originating in the hurried, the uncertain, and informal way, in which the throne of July was founded. Those who first raised the Duke of Orleans to the throne, or to the lieutenant-generalship, viz. the Committee of the Hotel de Ville, were republicans. But these, with Lafayette at their head, thought fit to desist from demanding their favourite *form* of government, provided they could obtain its *spirit*. Louis Philippe certainly made a promise to that effect. But as the majority of the Chambers were opposed to a republic not only in *form*, but in *spirit*, the new king abandoned the principles and promises of the Hotel de Ville, for the sentiments of the monarchist deputies. His first promise was unfortunate. Had the Duke of Orleans not been in such haste, he might have received his crown from the Chambers alone, unbound by a republican promise, which has exposed him to reproaches of treachery and ingratitude.

I will pass over all the great questions of internal legislation, to confine my view to Louis Philippe's foreign policy, since this it is which chiefly characterizes him, and which at present places him in a dilemma, that amounts almost to an impossibility of governing a ministry. Encouraged by the monarchic majority in the Chamber of Deputies, the new monarch chose at first a cabinet from the *Doctrinaires*. The Belgian insurrection arose. The French, from impulse, declared at once that it should not be interfered with. This the great powers ceded ; they entered into negociation with France, and Louis Philippe, in negociations with the old crowned heads of Europe recognized, not by a mere ceremony but in reality, (the independence of Belgium being acknowledged,) felt himself for the first time a king. He was grateful. The courts of Europe said to him, We cede you this on two conditions ; one is, that you ask no more—the second, that you repress the republican tendencies of the French. Louis Philippe made these promises, he has kept them honourably, and as far as was within his power. His doing so has preserved him from war ; but it has mainly tended to produce all the troubles of his domestic government.

When the *doctrinaires* fell under the weight of their incapacity and unpopularity, Lafitte succeeded. The Italian insurrection started up.

Lafitte was for acting by them as had been done by Belgium. But Louis Philippe remembered his promise, and knew that the breach of it would produce war. He could not plead such a personal stipulation either to his minister or to the Chambers. But he cajoled the former, lent him funds to meet his private difficulties, and kept secret from him the important correspondence of the foreign department. Lafitte discovered the cheat, and indignantly withdrew. Casimir Perier succeeded, but not until in long and repeated discussion betwixt him and the king, the minister professed himself to adapt his policy to the royal views. Perier's reasoning upon coming to office was this: "Our external and internal affairs are both menacing; and one must be sacrificed to the other. If we take the part of the foreign liberals, war ensues. Reverses will throw us back under the sceptre of Charles X., or worse. Success is impossible, without giving reins to the popular passions and predilections of the day; and in the torrent, monarchy and Louis Philippe will be soon swallowed up. Therefore let honour and vigour in external affairs be sacrificed to peace and order in domestic administration." Such was Perier's calculation, and his principle. In this the king fully agreed; and on such a principle the administration, with a very few exceptions, despite the Polish and other temptations, persevered in acting.

Since Perier's death, the difficulty has been to find a minister of character and talent, willing to continue this line of policy. One cannot be found. In the opposition it would of course be idle to look. Dupin refuses; and Louis Philippe shrinks from recurring to the unpopular *doctrinaires*. Such is the present situation of affairs.

But to recur a little. As Perier's pacific and high monarchic system gained force, and as Louis Philippe's old promise of "republican institutions" was forgotten with mockery in an hundred questions—in the electoral, the municipal, and other laws, in the enormous civil list, and the abandonment of Polish and Italian patriots—the opposition, exasperated, was thrown out of the line of constitutionalism for the reason developed in the commencement of this letter. The extreme liberals despaired of amelioration, and that system of government which they had hoped to see combined with a monarchy. They in consequence foreswore monarchy altogether, and fell back to republicanism. The epoch is marked by the change in the spirit of the "National," the great opposition newspaper, which, about the commencement of the year, raised openly the standard of republicanism.

This, of course, gave strength to the republican party among the rabble, which had continued to exist from July, 1830, represented by low journals, and guided by certain secret clubs, in which were few men of eminence, but which were chiefly composed of youths. No connexion however existed betwixt this party and the parliamentary opposition; for Barrot suffered daily abuse in the ultra-popular journals, greater than was ever showered upon Perier and Dupin.

Thus were affairs, when at the conclusion of a session, in which every effort of the liberal opposition had been negatived or silenced, the chief members composing it determined to lay an *exposé* of their conduct and principles before the country, with the view of enlightening it, and influencing future elections. In this there was nothing extra-constitutional, notwithstanding the reproaches of the ministerial journals. A meeting was held at Lafitte's; and at this meeting, certainly, divers members proclaimed the inutility of continuing in the constitutional track. Louis Philippe, they argued, had receded from the engagement entered into by him at the Hotel de Ville; and the people, on their side, were warranted in receding also. Their conclusion was, that the establishment of a republic should henceforth be the general aim. Against the imprudence of this, Barrot and the leading members protested; the

compte rendu, or declaration, was drawn up, and in nothing trespassed upon the strict line of constitutional opposition. However, one of the members present at Lafitte's, Mons. P——, betrayed the secret of the preliminary discussion to the *Constitutionnel*, which published an account of it.

This circumstance, united with the invasion of the Duchess of Berri, so exasperated and terrified the king and his temporary ministry, that they lost all self-possession. They were blind to every thing except a huge plot, ready to swallow them up. Machinations there were. The Carlists were active, and had supplied the lower republican leaders and party with money. Had Perier lived, the outbreak would infallibly have been prevented. His inexperienced successor in the home ministry, Montalivet, thought it better to allow, and even help, the explosion to take place. He tried the experiment; and the result well nigh upset the throne and kingdom on the 5th and 6th of June. For it is well known, that the National Guard of Paris wavered at first, and that even when it did take part against the insurgents, it was unable to subdue them until the National Guard of the *Banlieu*, (rural districts,) all hardy peasants, inflamed against the republicans, rushed over the barricades, and overcame them.

Then came the proclamation of the *etat de siege*, an act proceeding from the monarch's fright, but delayed for four-and-twenty hours by terror of an opposite kind. It was at once intended as a compliment to the army, and a terror to conspirators. How it failed, all are aware.

There can be no doubt, that had the government known how to make use of the advantage gained in the first week of June, Louis Philippe might have placed his throne upon a firm foundation. But every act since has been a blunder, to commence with the *etat de siege*. Warrants were issued against three deputies of the ultra-liberal side. Their papers were seized, and not a vestige of proof was found that any connexion existed betwixt them and the *active* republicans. According to a petty maxim of mock fairness, worthy of the *juste milieu*, three liberals having been arrested, warrants were forthwith issued against three Carlists. And here certainly the police made a prize, if not important, at least most amusing.

The entire of the Duc de Fitzjames's correspondence was taken; and has supplied the *parquet* (the bar) ever since with conversation. Divers letters from Charles the Tenth were discovered. In one of them he forbids the Duke to visit Holyrood, Paris being the place where he could best serve him. There are also some remarks about *ce pauvre Chateaubriand*, and even a *mot de consolation* for him from Holyrood, which is very ambiguous. Some will have it to be consolation to his pride, others to his purse. But by far the most amusing part of the correspondence is, that betwixt the Duke and his niece, a lady of fashion, who has become a denizen of the high and fashionable world of London, which she depicts as ladies of *esprit* can—for surely never was ampler field for satire.

But to return from this digression. Louis Philippe cast his eyes upon Dupin to succeed to Perier, and continue his system. Dupin has refused. He urged, that whether Perier's policy was right or wrong, no minister can long survive as his successor without conciliating the opposition, (the force of which is manifest from the hundred and fifty signatures to the *compte rendu*.) Dupin undertook to rally a considerable number of this opposition to his side, and to bring back the rest at least to constitutional views. The manner in which he proposed to effect this, was by concession upon internal questions, indicated in Barrot's "Letter to Kœchlin," a document containing the political creed of the former deputy, but principally by a bolde tone to be assumed towards foreign

powers. The latter declaration completely diverted the king from employing Dupin. He broke forth with warmth, that he was ready to give the seals and abandon the internal government to Dupin; but that he should keep the foreign department under his own royal surveillance. "*Car j'ai des engagements, Monsieur Dupin ?*" The latter personage exclaimed against the insult, so he termed it, of summoning him to take an office in which he was responsible with his head, and therein making him answer for policy which he was not to interfere with, nor perhaps know. High words ensued betwixt the monarch and the candidate minister, and they separated with that inflamed aspect of mutual resentment, which was remarked by the whole court of St. Cloud, and made known through the newspapers to the public.

This breach, however, as far as warm words produced it, has been healed. But the original cause of mistrust remains. Louis Philippe will not abandon his foreign department to any of whose conduct he is not sure; and he is, at all events, determined to keep it in his own hand till the affairs of Belgium, the marriage treaty with Leopold, &c., be arranged. The disinterested friends of the Orleans dynasty and the monarchy of July, are in the meantime exerting themselves to remove the obstacles that exist against Dupin. They dread lest the king, in order to secure his favourite objects, should be obliged to fling himself once more into the hands of the Doctrinaires, Messrs. Guizot, De Broglie, and Co.; for any attempt to form a ministry of them would infallibly endanger the monarchy. Indeed, were Guizot minister, there is an absolute certainty that in case of a tumult, the National Guard of Paris would side against, not with the government. And this is as necessary to be considered in framing a French ministry, as the majority of the House of Commons is to be looked to with us.

From this account of the internal and ministerial politics of the French, you will perceive, that besides what may be called the two extra-parliamentary parties of Carlists on one side, and republicans on the other, there exist in the Chamber the *doctrinaires*, or high monarchists, the opposition which abet republican institutions at the least, and the party betwixt them of the centres, which is totally without theory or abstract principle of any kind, and which has been truly portrayed as those city and fundholders whose country is the *Bourse*, and whose Utopia is the funds above par. "Given up," says Barrot, "to the exclusive worship of material interests, they have a horror of every thing that resembles political agitation. They deem themselves never sufficiently protected, and find government never endowed with sufficient strength. They push the blindness of fear so far, as to applaud even their acts of violence and illegality, which are the true underminers of all power."

The French are considered by us in general as a very light, inflammable, impassioned people, ever in extremes; and to this we are apt to attribute their frequent failure in establishing political freedom. And yet, notwithstanding, if we look through the history of their several legislative assemblies, we shall always find in each an immense middle party, composed of the timid, the undecided, the ignorant, the selfish, without declared principles, save that of keeping a balance, and without aim save that of preservation of self and of the *statu quo*. That such a party should subsist as ballast, in every assembly, is useful, but that the whole cargo should be mere ballast is singularly unprofitable. In England, sedate, and moderate, and reflecting, as we are, we never had such a party predominant. The composition of our Commons' House has ever answered to its local division, which is into right and left, without that huge and all-absorbing compartment of the *centres* in the French Chamber. The very word *trimming* is an opprobrium with us. Every one

read in the French revolution, is aware that it was the existence and pusillanimity of a central party, that rendered the anarchists triumphant, and raised up the reign of terror under Robespierre. For why? They formed a majority, of which timidity was the characteristic, and which could only be led by *fear*. Had the Convention been from the first divided into right and left merely, the struggle betwixt the parties would have been decided earlier, without blood; and most certainly the advantage would have remained not to the Jacobins, but the Girondines. This example leads me to augur ill from the overgrown size and prevalence of this *juste milieu*. Though a featureless and characterless mass, Perier put life into it, and a spirit after his own. But Barrot could do the same to-morrow, probably, by working on its fears just as Perier did; and just as Robespierre did upon the pusillanimous party of the *plaine*. Every one sees that it could make up its mind equally to monarchy or republicanism provided the tranquil enjoyment of its possessions was ensured.

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

I bid thee welcome to my fathers' halls,
But fled for ever is their wonted mirth,
Death hath been busy in these fated walls,
Casting dark shadows o'er our house and hearth,
The brave—the beauteous from their home have past,
And I remain of that loved band the last.

Thou wilt not now my gallant brothers greet,
Riding amidst the glades with hound and horn,
Nor my fair sisters, warbling ditties sweet,
While gathering wild flowers in the dewy morn;
Evening will come, but will not bring again,
The song—the tale—the dance—the festal train.

I can but bid thee to my lonely room,
Where in fond dreams I pass my blighted youth,
Musing on vanished loveliness and bloom,
Man's dauntless courage, woman's changeless truth,
And scenes of joyous glee, or tranquil rest,
Shared with the early-lost—the bright—the blest.

Yet chide me not—mine is no impious grief,
Meekly I pray for Heaven's supporting grace,
And soon, I feel, his hand will give relief,
And the last sad survivor of her race
Quit this lone mansion for the home above,
Where dwell her happy family of love!

M. A.

GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA.

A FEARFUL crisis in the destinies of Europe is approaching. That war of principles so eloquently foretold by Mr. Canning has already begun; and bold indeed must the man be who ventures to predict its result. In Germany, the dense masses of the military despots are in motion to silence public opinion—to hurl back the march of freedom, patriotism, and civilization. Austria has nearly a million of men under arms; Prussia is putting her army on a war footing, and is calling out the landwehr; while Russia is rapidly concentrating her barbarian columns in the neighbourhood of Cracow. In fact, the moving principle of this anti-liberal crusade is this last-mentioned power. Prussia is enchained in her political wake—the influence of the autocrat is all powerful at Vienna. In the midst of the preparations of this machiavielian war, we look with deep anxiety to the result of Lord Durham's mission to St. Petersburg.* Of its precise objects we profess our ignorance; but if we can credit public opinion, it is of a nature to precipitate into an open rupture the long-stifled jealousy existing between the two countries.

It has been too much the fashion of late years, among a certain class of political writers, to paint the present condition of this country in the most gloomy colours, and to magnify on the other hand in an almost hyperbolical ratio, the power and resources of the Russian empire, the rapid development of which they compare to the onward roll of a mighty torrent, as fatal to the political institutions and civilization of southern Europe, as that which in the natural world engulfed within its waves the Terra Atalantis of the ancients.

In order to avoid these extremes, and to arrive at the only sure ground of reasoning with any kind of precision, it will be necessary to establish a comparative estimate of the power and resources of the two empires, by which we may safely judge what we have to hope or to fear in the event of a contest with our northern rival.

Although in such an intricate research our statistical materials are even more scanty and more vague than the great importance of the science would demand; although the comparative revenues of the two empires, owing to the disproportionate value of money, are by no means reducible to a just comparison; and although many considerations, not generally expressed in a statistical table, must enter into and materially affect the estimate of a nation's power; still sufficient data is afforded to guide us in an investigation in which we feel we shall have frequent occasion for the indulgence of our readers.

Among nations at war, the grand and leading matters for consideration are, 1st, their disposable revenues; 2ndly, their military and maritime power, with the facilities they possess of recruiting one and the other; 3rdly, the character and the policy of their governments;

* We have read Lord Durham's reception, and only trust that he will not be humbugged. This is invariably the plan of Russia. Extra civility is a certain sign that it means to deceive. When Nicholas drank grog with our sailors, he was in better company than he deserved to be.

4thly, their internal resources and public credit ; and lastly, the spirit and patriotism of the people, and their attachment to their institutions.

If we except the United States of America, the rapidity with which the Russian empire has risen to its present elevated rank in the scale of nations, is unparalleled in the annals of the world. Previous to the accession of Peter the Great, it is well known her influence upon the political system of Europe was an absolute nullity ; by her more civilized neighbours she was regarded solely as an Asiatic barbarian power ; but the genius of this monarch awoke the giant from his slumber, and aroused those energies, physical and moral, to which his successors have since given so rapid and so fearful a development.

In 1462, at the accession of Ivan, 3rd Vassilivitch, the population of Russia amounted to only 6 millions, spread over a superficial extent of territory of 18,494 square miles.

	millions.	square miles.
1505, at his death, it was already - - -	10 over an extent of	37,137
1581, at the death of Ivan, 4th Vassilivitch, it had further increased to - - -	12 - - -	125,465
1645, at the demise of his successor, Michael Fodoritch - - -	12 - - -	252,000
1689, at the accession of Peter the Great, it was - - -	16 - - -	263,909
1725, at his death it had increased to - - -	20 - - -	273,815
1763, under the great Catherine - - -	25 - - -	319,538
1796, at her decease - - -	33 - - -	331,830
1825, at the death of Alexander - - -	60 - - -	375,175

To these must be added the immense accession of territory since acquired by their late treaties with the Turks and Persians, during the reign of the present emperor, Nicholas Paulovitch. The Russian territory embraces one hundred and ninety meridians of longitude, and thirty-eight parallels of latitude—a superficial extent, surpassing that of the ephemeral monarchy of Alexander, the Roman republic when at the summit of her grandeur, or the immense regions swayed in more modern times by the dynasty of the caliphs. Her army, both in numbers and composition, and every other military requisite, stands unrivalled in the annals of the world. Her government enlightened, though despotic, combining the suppleness, craft, and ductility of the lower empire, with the fiery energy and vigour of the Scythian desert, avails itself with consummate skill and ability of every event that can develop the resources of the empire, and extend its political influence.

But colossal as are the proportions of the Russian empire, they are still inferior to those of Great Britain, over whose widely-extended dominions the sun never sets, and beneath whose mild and paternal sway exist more than one hundred and twenty-five millions of men ; with the exception certainly of China, the largest community under one government the world ever beheld.

These immense possessions are, however, more calculated to administer to our national pride than to our national strength. Conquered countries held by the sword, distant colonies separated from the mother country by half, and in some cases by nearly the whole of the earth's diameter, a communication with which depends solely upon our maritime supremacy, largely as they may contribute to the

wealth and prosperity of the parent state, aid but little directly or indirectly, either her revenues or her armies; on the contrary, in many instances they operate as a drain upon her resources, by the garrisons which they may require, and the enormous expense of their administration.

On the other hand, Russia is scarcely more fortunately circumstanced, her population is also scattered over an immense territory, and is composed of various nations, distinct in their character and habits, held together by the iron hand of Muscovite despotism, and awaiting but a favourable opportunity to re-assert their ancient independence, which they unceasingly mourn. In fact, with the exception of the central provinces of the empire, the density of whose population may be compared to that of the north of Germany, the whole of her Asiatic, and a vast portion of her European dominions, although not separated by the ocean from her territory, may be considered solely in the light of colonies. Siberia, the Caucasus, the Krimea, contribute no more to the revenues of the state, or to her regular armies, than do our Canadas, or the Cape of Good Hope, or the more distant New South Wales; while the numerous garrisons kept up along their extended line of frontiers and in the interior, for the purpose of overawing their scattered and predatory population, cut out work for a large portion of the Russian army. If, therefore, the power of a country may be said to depend upon the efficiency of its population, and not on its numerical superiority, the advantages of Great Britain are here manifest; for on her side we behold freedom, wealth, superior intelligence, and high-wrought and widely-diffused civilization, opposed to despotism, poverty, slavery, ignorance, and barbarism.

In approaching the question of Russian statistics, and calculating the "materiel" force of this empire, in other words, her finances, her army, and her marine, the task is one of no ordinary difficulty; for in a state where little or no publicity is given to state affairs, where the government has to render no account of its conduct, where the elements which constitute the national riches are as varied as multiplied, in fact, where every thing, owing to its continual development is in a state of constant fluctuation, these branches of interior economy are enveloped in obscurity. With the aid, therefore, of several distinguished authors, who have treated the subject of Russian statistics, and by data of our own, we fear that our estimates will be after all rather proximate than accurate. From these sources we find that the annual revenue of the Russian empire amounts to 12,568,000. sterling.*

	roubles.
* Capitation tax	- 60,000,000
Obrat or tax paid by the peasants of the crown	70,000,000
Merchants' property tax	- 5,600,000
Custom House duties	- 49,597,000
Brandy Monopoly	- 90,000,000
Salt	- 8,000,000
Mines	- 10,000,000
Mint	- 8,000,000
Stamp duty	- 7,000,000
Miscellaneous	- 6,000,000

314,197,000, or £12,568,000.

Balbi estimates it at 400,000,000 or 16,000,000*l.*; and Wedemeyer at 450,000,000, or 18,000,000*l.* sterling. We should have willingly adopted these figures in preference to our own, if either of these able men had based their opinions upon satisfactory calculations. Still we lean to the idea, that we have rather underrated than otherwise the revenue of the Russian empire. Several of its branches, as we have said before, are unknown; and it is difficult to calculate the value of certain contributions that are made in kind; in fact, on a superficial glance, it would appear that such a revenue was totally inadequate to the expense of so imposing a court, so complicated an administration, so formidable an army, and a "materiel" of such importance; but it would be inculcating error to measure Russia by the standard of most other countries, where all payments are made in specie, where individuals weigh in the balance, where labour is high, and the value of money considerably below what it is in Russia. We can with difficulty conceive how, with such limited means, the emperor can keep on foot such an immense army, without prejudice to the other wheels of the complicated machine of state. The elements of the public revenue are, we must repeat, imperfectly known; and even were it possible to obtain exact returns of the amount of the payments made in cash, we should still be unable to form an accurate idea of the revenues of this empire. The causes of the difficulty are briefly enumerated. Certain particular revenues—such, for instance, as the Coral fisheries, are never carried into the account. Whole governments are sometimes required to furnish provisions for the army in lieu of taxes, and the value of these contributions never appears in the budget; besides, the rate at which the government takes these supplies of corn and forage, is so low, that it derives a considerable profit on the transaction; to these and several others we must add the marbles and precious stones it draws from its domains, and the cannon balls from its founderies, which also never figure in the budget; besides the public works that are performed free of expense by the serfs of the crown, whose numbers have been estimated so high as 15,000,000. Taking all these into consideration, we may venture, we think, to estimate the nett annual revenue of the Russian empire at 15,000,000 sterling.

From the impossibility of gaining access in Russia to documents that are in the treasury, and from there existing no state paper published by order of the government to assist us in our researches, the various branches of the expenditure are involved in still greater obscurity than even the sources of her revenue. The army alone, notwithstanding its low rate of pay, and the low prices of provisions and forage, absorbs nearly half the revenue. The naval budget amounts to thirty millions of roubles; the administration of the fifty-five governments, into which the empire is divided, may be estimated at thirty millions; the cost of her *corps diplomatique*, by which she is so ably served, are something enormous. The expenses also of the imperial court, although established on a footing of the strictest economy, make a large figure in the budget; to which must be added the sums annually expended by the Russian government in the construction of public works. The national debt of this vast empire has been

variously estimated: Hossels rates it at 500 millions of florins, Balbi 1,300,000,000 francs. The Polish debt is included in these two estimates, that scarcely differ; still we are again inclined to consider their estimates as overrated, as we find that on the 1st January 1824, the minister of finance, General Canerin, in his report, estimates the national debt bearing interest at only 874,341,010 roubles. If to this sum we further add some ten or twelve millions sterling, by which it has since that period been increased, we shall find that the total amount of debt of the Russian empire amounts to no more than forty-seven millions sterling, a sum not more than equal to the annual amount of interest upon that of this country. We shall now place in juxtaposition the revenue and expenditure of the two empires, with the cost of their naval and military establishments.

BRITISH EMPIRE.

Population in India—			
Presidencies	-	-	90,000,000
Allied or Protected States	-	-	40,000,000
			130,000,000.
Indian Army	230,000	Infantry native	} 284,000
	26,000	Cavalry do.	
European	8,000	Artillery	
	20,000	British Troops	
Revenue, 1831	-	-	23,000,000
Population—Colonies	-	-	2,113,600
In Europe, 1831	-	-	24,000,000
			26,000,000
Army—Line	-	90,000	} 200,000
Militia and Yeomanry, &c.	-	68,000	
Navy, Marines, &c.	-	42,000	
Nett annual Revenue	-	-	46,296,521
Interest of debt	-	-	28,342,799
Disposable revenue	-	-	17,953,720
Cost of the Military Establishment of Great Britain	-	-	8,977,882

RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

Population*	-	-	60,000,000
Army and Navy	-	-	1,000,000
Revenue	-	-	15,000,000
Interest of debt	-	-	2,800,000
Disposable revenue	-	-	12,200,000
Cost of the Military Establishment of Russia	-	-	6,000,000

On the outbreak of the Turkish war, the army, by the official returns of the Minister of War, amounted to 930,000. The Turkish and Polish campaigns cost Russia 300,000, but the *cadres* of the army were saved; and possessing as she does such an admirable principle of

* The population of Russia in 1822 was given in the Russian papers as 42,000,000. It is overrated at 60,000,000.

military organization, she can recruit and re-organize her armies without difficulty.

The contrasts of revenue, debt, and expenditure, which the foregoing table presents, are both curious and interesting. The annual interest of our national debt is considerably more than double the whole revenue of the Russian empire; yet notwithstanding her limited financial resources, Russia keeps on foot, within her own frontier, eight times the number of troops, *at one ninth the expense*; for on comparing the army estimates of the two states, we find that on a round calculation every English soldier costs his government some £90, while the Russian soldier costs the imperial treasury but the comparatively trifling sum of £7. Even if we take into consideration the relative value of money in the two countries, nearly in the ratio of two to one, still the enormous disproportion in the cost of their military establishments must strike every one with astonishment. Singular, however, as this may appear, there is one feature in which there is the closest resemblance between the two rivals: we allude to the balance of their revenues and expenditure—a balance effected but by dint of the strictest economy, which sufficiently indicates that both powers, in the event of a war, must have recourse to such extraordinary means as increased taxation or loans. Here it is, then, that Great Britain has a tenfold advantage over her formidable antagonist. In Russia, the levying of new taxes would breed discontent in every province of the empire, while the difficulty of raising loans need not be mentioned. England, on the other hand, from her immense internal and external resources, from her colossal capitalists, her admirable system of public credit, and the patriotism of her people, would, notwithstanding the heavy burthens that press upon her, have no difficulty in raising the sinews of war. Besides, a property tax would alone be sufficient to carry on a war against Russia, for it is to be hoped that the costly mania of subsidizing has passed away for ever.

If our readers have had the patience to follow us through these dry, though not uninteresting details, they will arrive at this gratifying conclusion, viz. that the financial means of Russia in no way correspond with her gigantic military resources; and although in times of peace the annual expenditure may be fully met by the revenue, still the slightest extraordinary expense would produce a deficit, and that in consequence Russia is utterly incapable of engaging in any protracted enterprize without *the foreign aid of loans*, or imposing on herself sacrifices that would endanger her internal tranquillity. But nothing has contributed more to exaggerate the power of this empire than the numbers and composition of her armies—every faculty of the government has been brought into play to bring it to the highest degree of perfection of which it is susceptible; in fact, for organization and discipline, numbers and composition, docility and hardihood, it stands unrivalled. Still, in spite of her immense resources, the armies which she has sent beyond her frontiers have been smaller, in proportion to her population and the total of her army list, than those of any other power. Suwarof reaped his victories with not more than 45,000 men. In 1813, her armies in Germany, including irregulars, barely mustered 150,000 men. During the late Turkish war, although her force at the opening of the campaign had been raised to

930,000 men, she was unable to bring into the actual contest, *at one time*, more than 120,000 men. In Poland again, the grave of her military glory, her active army in the field, did not exceed 90,000 men. Offensively, therefore, the military force of Russia has been studiously magnified. Her successes, too, have been more owing to the blind fatuity and want of military skill of her adversaries than to her own prowess. In Turkey this was glaringly manifest; or the Balkan, which became the proud title of his glory, would have been the grave of Diebitsch and his barbarian army.

Having cursorily surveyed the comparative financial resources of the two empires, we shall now proceed to examine their vulnerable points—in other words, the countries that would become the theatre of operations in the event of a war. Thanks to our maritime supremacy, our own shores have nothing to apprehend from hostile aggression; but there is one point in our territorial system, a distant one we confess, but a prize worthy the swoop of the Russian eagle. This point is India, the conquest of which, ever since the days of the great Catherine, has been the favourite project of Russian ambition. The Emperor Paul had already commenced the solution of this great military problem, when his premature death arrested its execution. At a subsequent period, in conjunction with Napoleon, the invasion of India was again projected, and a military commission despatched to Persia to survey the route of the invading columns. Again was it arrested in its execution by the Spanish war. But the attention of the Russian government never appears to have been diverted from the realization of this darling scheme of ambition—one, the execution of which has become much easier since the Russians have acquired the entire navigation of the Caspian. There are only two routes by which an European army could invade India; the first by following the beaten tract of Alexander and Nadir Shah, the second by sailing across the Caspian, and ascending the Oxus to Bochara, from whence to Attock on the Indus the distance is only 600 miles. This last is the one that the invading army of Russia would follow, and consequently we find that the government has neglected nothing to acquire a knowledge of the geography and military statistics of the countries along the line of march, and the resources and the obstacles which they present of every nature. It was for this purpose that Colonel Mouravier, of the Russian guards, was despatched to Kheva, on the Oxus, in the years 1819-20. Some of the officers who accompanied him even penetrated so far as Attock, and the result of this mission has been to furnish the *Ecole de l'Etat Major* at St. Petersburg with materials for basing a plan of campaign for the conquest of India. From the relation of Mouravier and of others, *tactically* speaking, there exists no insurmountable obstacle to the execution of the project; but what are its chances of success is another point. Were the question purely a military one, by consulting the laws of strategy or of tactics, we might decide it without difficulty; but it is the moral and political combinations that are attached to it, that in theory renders it so complex, and its solution so difficult.

Every war should be conducted methodically, for even war should have "*un but*," and should be carried on in conformity with the principles and rules of the art. India, it is true, has been several times

overrun,* but the strategics of the ancients differed widely from those of the moderns, owing to the paucity of wants to which their armies were subjected. But now-a-days, as soon as an army has made any progress, it is obliged "*de se baser*," and thus the military power of states diminishes in ratio to the length of their line of operations. We know nothing of the commissariat system of the ancients. What Vegetius has said on this department of the Roman military system does not suffice to unveil to us the secret springs of so complicated a question. It will always remain a phenomenon to military men how Darius and Xerxes subsisted their immense armies in countries where, at the present day, it would be difficult to maintain a corps of 40 or 50,000 men.

Cæsar has laid it down as a maxim that war should feed itself, from which it has been concluded that his armies lived by contributions on the countries they occupied, but in modern times this system is impracticable. To advance with an army of 100 or 120,000 men, by cantoning them among the inhabitants, we admit, is perfectly feasible in Belgium, in Italy, in Swabia, upon the fertile borders of the Rhine and Danube, but such an operation becomes difficult in some countries, and impossible in Russia, in Sweden, in Poland, and in Turkey, and especially so in the countries through which would lie most of the line of march of the Russian invading army of India. In the event, therefore, of the Russian government attempting the solution of this great military problem, we must suppose that her plan of campaign would not be based "*à la Genghis Khan*," but on the established principles of modern warfare.

Now, at Orenburg, a strong fortified post, ninety miles from the Caspian, the Russians have a corps of 10,000 men; this corps, reinforced by others, might descend the Oural river into the Caspian, and sail across to the Bay of Mertvoi, while the other corps were advancing by the Volga from the central provinces of the empire to Astracan, from whence they could be transported across the sea to the Bay of Balkan. Khiva, a large town on the Oxus, which would be the first point of rendezvous for the invading columns, is situated about twenty or twenty-five days' march from these two points of disembarkation; the nature of the country is one continued steppe, the columns would therefore have to transport with them every thing necessary for their subsistence, even to water. From Khiva to Bochara the distance is again 500 miles. The Oxus is navigable to within two days' march of the latter place; the current is said to be extremely rapid, but boats and draught horses are to be found in abundance. The banks of this river are further inhabited by a fierce and warlike people; and although the prospect of participating in the plunder of India would induce them to offer no opposition to the Russians, it would nevertheless be necessary to obtain military possession of the whole line of march, in order to secure the army's communications. At Bochara, a populous city situated in the midst of a fertile country, supplies would be abundant, and here the invaders would form their

* This is not correct. Sesostris was called the first conqueror; he probably did not reach the Hyphasis. Neither Darius nor Alexander got beyond the Punjab. Mahmoud, in 1028, was the first conqueror who certainly reached to what are the British frontiers, namely, the Sutledge.—ED.

second base, and establish depots and magazines. From this point to Attock on the Indus, the distance does not exceed 600 miles, neither does the country offer any natural obstacle of consequence; it is besides fertile, and would furnish with ease provisions and forage for the troops. Facility of transport, of the highest importance in military operations, is also another feature remarkable in this country. At Attock, the breadth of the Indus is inconsiderable, but the stream is both deep and extremely rapid. Should the Russians be able to push across this river, they would doubtless look for the co-operation of Runjet Sing: the rapid rise of this power on our north-western frontier has been viewed with jealousy and uneasiness by our Indian government. The army of this chief is numerous, well composed, and disciplined by French and Russian officers. He has moreover, for some time past, as well as several others of the neighbouring princes, established an active diplomatic intercourse with the cabinet of St. Petersburg. The junction of the invaders with this sheik prince might cause a general rising of the country against us, and prove fatal to our power in India. Two courses would be open to them—one to march upon Delhi, and to awaken the slumbering recollections of former independence; the other, to advance through the Punjab upon our Bombay presidency. Now it cost Alexander twelve months to reach the Hydaspes; and with a force consisting almost entirely of cavalry, Nadir Shah's expedition occupied eleven months. But the march of a Russian army from the Caspian to the Indus, unless the invaders, lured by the glittering prize, were induced to deviate from all the fundamental principles of war, would occupy at least two campaigns. Long ere the Russian columns could reach the Indus, their intentions would be known, and our government, it is hoped, would have extended our frontier from the Sutledge to the Indus, on whose banks the invaders would find in position an Anglo-Indian army, prepared to give them a warm reception. In her recent wars with Turkey and Poland, Russia, we have said, was unable to send beyond her frontier more than 120,000 men; for the invasion of India, from the great difficulty of subsisting them, as well as from the poverty of her exchequer, not more than 80,000 men could be well employed; but at least a third of this force would be requisite to line the country in their rear, for no dependence could be placed upon the population of the nations through which they moved, whose friendship would be converted into the bitterest enmity on the first considerable reverse. Their population is said to amount to twelve millions.

We admit that the Russian possesses, above all others, the first and most essential quality of a soldier—capability of bearing fatigue; yet when we consider that the march would in some instances be across deserts, in a burning climate so fatal to northern constitutions,—when we reflect on the casualties to which, even in Europe, an army is exposed in a campaign, where by the establishment of hospitals every care is taken of the sick and wounded; and regard the lavish expenditure of human life, so marked a feature in the Russian military system, we are confident that on reaching the Indus, the first objective point of their expedition, the invading army would barely muster 25,000 combatants.

On the other hand, when on glancing at the map we survey the vast extent of our Indian empire, and the immense "rayon" on which our military operations would be carried on, and reflect on the elements of discontent that exist, and consequently on the slight tenure by which we hold them, we are fully sensible of the delicacy of our position, and of the numerous and unforeseen chances that might operate against us. From Calcutta to Delhi, our first base of operations, the distance is 800 miles, from Madras about 1,200, from Bombay 600; thence to the Indus, our frontier of operations, the distance is again 500. Our line of operation would therefore exceed that of the Russians, from their base on the Caspian to the banks of the Indus. Never was the military organization of India, at any former period, equal to what it is at present, but it must be recollected that it would also be necessary on our parts to keep the whole line of country in our rear in subjection, for every province in India contains a rare assemblage of elements of discontent, so that without a material increase in our Indian army we could not bring into the first line more than 70,000 British and native troops, on whose fidelity every thing would depend.*

It is by timely foreseeing an impending danger that it is to be avoided; and our Indian government will at last awaken, it is to be hoped, from their culpable sense of security; for while the cabinet of the Autocrat has been actively employed in collecting the topographical and statistical materials essential for the enterprize, they have actually remained in a state of total ignorance on every point connected with countries situated at their very threshold, countries that have been considered in every age as the keys of India!! Of the necessity of pushing our frontier to the Indus, there ought not to be two opinions. A country held by the sword can only be effectually defended beyond its frontier. Hitherto these valuable possessions have been swayed by a kind of counting-house policy, and the immense development of our Indian empire is due rather to the brilliant talents of two or three Governor-generals than to any grand and well-matured system of political aggrandizement or military policy on the part of their majesties of Leadenhall-street. Ere it is too late, let them seek to countermine the intrigues of Russia by establishing a diplomatic intercourse with the states situated between the Indus and the Caspian. The alliance of Persia, too, although this country would be situated out of the strategic direction of the Russian operations, should be maintained "*coute que coute*." Her army, reinforced by an auxiliary British force, might, by debouching from her north-eastern frontier, threaten the right flank of the Russian line of operation. Again, with her assistance we might become masters of the Caspian; at least the attempt should be made; for once masters of this sea, the Russian army, cut off from their original base at Astracan, their right flank threatened by the Persians, their front closely pressed by the grand Anglo-Indian army, would have some difficulty "*de se tirer d'affaire*." We are aware of the numerous chances that might militate against us; but still allowing them all due weight, if our Indian

* At present the Company could not collect a disposable army of 15,000 men.—
Ed.

government act with energy and foresight, we should have no hesitation in ranking the conquest of British India as an enterprize beyond the power of Russia.

The most vulnerable point in our territorial system is thus, as we have seen, India; that of our adversary is much nearer home—the Euxine Sea. Here it is that a fatal blow at the Russian power might be struck, not merely by destroying her naval and commercial establishments at Sevastopol, Nickolief, and Odessa, but by stirring up and skilfully developing the seeds of discontent and deep-rooted hatred that exists to every thing Russian, throughout these fine provinces. Here is the field for the dismembering policy of Europe. The Tartar nobles brood over their wrongs; they recollect that they threw off the Ottoman yoke only to be denationalized by their perfidious councillor. In fact, in the Krimea nothing bears the stamp of the Russian character but the iron despotism of the government; the very civilization is foreign, and the oppressed people would rally in thousands round the banner of independence. Again, the slumbering hatred of Turkey might be re-awakened; as a partisan she would prove a valuable ally. In the Baltic, Cronstadt should, if possible, be bombarded, and the capital itself threatened. The population of Finland still cherishes the memory of its former independence. Three weeks after the declaration of war not a Russian flag would dare show itself on the ocean, and every outlet of her commerce would be closed. Her most valuable branch of trade is with this country, the balance of which is always largely in favour of Russia, while we might draw our naval stores from Norway, Sweden, and the Canadas. The pecuniary interests of the nobles by the stagnation of commerce, thus placed at issue with those of the government, ruin, discontent, nay open revolt, would soon manifest themselves. This is no political dream—the Russian nobles have all along bridled the ambition of the government: were the seat of empire transferred to-morrow to Constantinople, they are aware that their immense possessions near the Pole would become comparatively valueless; the unpopularity of a war with this country among them is but too evident.

Whatever may be the future destinies of the Russian empire in her present condition, she is no match for Great Britain. We are fully sensible of the embarrassed financial state of this country, of the numerous burthens that paralyse her energy and industry. Impolitic as war may be considered, it may become inevitable: should, therefore, national honour oblige us once more to unsheath the sword, backed by her gallant army and her invincible navy, England will come forth like a giant to the struggle, and will nobly challenge the fight.

On a superficial view, the future destinies of the Russian empire dazzle the imagination from the principles of improvement and increase at work in her provinces; and with a wider field for their development than any other country can show, with the exception of the United States, there appears no limit to her greatness. But as population and civilization advance, the clashing of interests of the territorial divisions of this immense empire will lead to the separation of its homogeneous parts, and the vast empire of the Czars will be by and by parcelled into numerous independent states.

THE DWELLING OF POESY.

MAID of the restless, roving eye !
 Capricious wand'rer, wayward, shy !
 Spirit, or Nymph, or whatsoe'er
 The title thou lov'st best to hear !
 Say, dost thou dwell in coral cave,
 Deep buried 'neath old Ocean's wave ?
 Or by some lone enchanted rill,
 Or sacred spring, or bushy hill ?
 Or in some dusky wood's brown shade
 Hast thou thy secret dwelling made ?
 In earth, or heaven, or sea, or air,—
 Oh ! tell me, wing'd Enthusiast, where ?

For when my length I've sometimes laid
 On the smooth bosom of some glade,
 And felt the witch'ry of that hour
 Which owns fantastic twilight's power,
 And peoples with its thick array
 Of shadowy swarms that shun the day,
 Thy dim dominions, dreamy Thought,
 I've fancied that my ear has caught,
 Bursting in one wild, sudden swell,
 The unearthly music of thy shell—
 Wave after wave, the eddying sound
 Spreads its symphonious circles round—
 More faintly now,—more faintly still—
 They leave the wood, and seek the hill,
 Till, as they near the distant sky,
 Their undulating murmurs die.

And oft my half-clos'd eye has seen
 Thy airy form and spirit-mien,
 With glancing foot, and soundless tread,
 Speeding along with pinions spread—
 Its golden tresses on the wind,
 Far-streaming, luminous, behind :
 Meteor-like it seems to pass,
 Scarce touching the unyielding grass ;
 Starting, I bend my eager sight,
 In extasy, to trace its flight—
 'Tis there ! 'tis there ! I see it still
 Upon the margin of the rill,
 Where yonder willow droops to lave
 Its branches in the rippling wave !
 Wild with delirious hope I run—
 But when the tree, the brook is won,
 I gaze around in vain—in vain
 I close my eyes to dream again.

Oh ! wheresoe'er thy dwelling be,
 Thou bright and beauteous Mystery—
 Or whether in some far-off sphere—
 Or undiscover'd region drear—

The Dwelling of Poesy.

Or sitt'st thou on the welkin's brow—
 Or dwell'st with Heav'n's symbolic bow—
 Or in some planet of thine own—
 Teach me to woo and win thee down !
 To feel, if 'twere but for one hour,
 The fascination of thy power !

I've read in books of ancient lore,
 That, often, on his reedy shore,
 The Genius of the Avon-flood,
 As, crown'd with dripping weeds, he stoed,
 Hath seen thee close communion hold
 With him, that gifted bard of old,
 To whom thou gav'st full power, at will,
 To raise the passions, or to still—
 To curb their mad, impetuous course,
 And rein them with a master's force.—
 Hath seen thee, oft, at eventide,
 Listening, attentive, by his side—
 With such intense delight so hung
 Upon the accents of his tongue,
 It seem'd like pain—so great thy dread
 Of losing aught that lov'd one said—
 And when it ceas'd the wondrous strain,
 Thou smil'dst, and bad'st him sing again.
 Me, too, divine Enchantress, show
 To weave a spell like that which thou
 Taught'st him to weave with power and skill,
 To call thee to his side, at will !

“Aspiring mortal ! wouldst thou know
 “What dwelling I inhabit ? Go,
 “Ask the uprooted pine-tree where,
 “The whirlwind sleeps that dash'd it there !
 “The soft warm night-breeze, from the west,
 “Ask where he plumes his wing for rest—
 “What ! think'st thou earth, or air, or sea,
 “Could hold a spirit like *me* ? like *ME* ?
 “Or that but one such world as thine,
 “Could limit such a wing as mine ?
 “Through universal space I roam,
 “And brook to own no narrower home.

“Sometimes I stay my rapid flight
 “On some lone, sea-girt, rocky height—
 “Gaze on the rampant waves around,
 “And hear them roar, and see them bound,
 “Leaping, like living monsters, far—
 “O ! how I love that mighty war !

“But when each Wind has sought his cave,
 “And sleeps in peace the quiet wave—
 “And boding petrel* seeks her nest,
 “And all the wat'ry world's at rest—
 “From my wet wings I shake the spray,
 “And singing loud some favourite lay,
 “O'er the green sea I wing my way !

* The storm-bird. The appearance at sea, of the petrels, otherwise called by sailors “Mother Carey's chickens,” is said invariably to foretel a storm.

“ What time the shepherd leaves his pen,
“ And screaming wild-duck seeks her fen ;
“ What time, lone sitting on her tree,
“ The owl her welcome flings to thee,
“ Dun maiden of the noiseless tread,
“ And drowsy eye, and veiled head ;
“ Far from the strife of waves or men,
“ Then me you may behold again,
“ Standing apart, in listening mood,
“ Within the shadow of some wood,
“ To hear the soft and thrilling swell
“ Of thy sweet strain, sad Philomel,
“ Lull tunelessly, at evening's close,
“ Thy blushing lov'd one* to repose——.

“ Or sleeping by some haunted well,
“ Beside the blue-ey'd heather-bell,
“ Or seated on some green hill-side,
“ O'er-looking all the prospect wide,
“ Intent to hear the linnet sing—
“ The whirring of the pheasant's wing—
“ The distant milkmaid's homeward song,
“ Borne with the beetle's hum along—
“ To mark the rabbit leave her burrow—
“ The timid hare her secret furrow ;
“ Slowly, at first, high-leaping seen,
“ With cautious intervals between ;
“ With reconnoitring doubt and fear,
“ Oft she erects her listening ear ;
“ And turns't inquiringly behind,
“ As if to ask the coming wind
“ For warning of the hunter's cry,
“ Or whether there be danger nigh.
“ Or, on the riv'let's mimic strand,
“ I mark the long-legg'd heron stand,
“ Watching the waters, patient, still—
“ Then, at the cowherd's whistle shrill,
“ Bearing aloft her finny prey,
“ On her broad pinions sail away.

“ Or else, in my more pensive hour,
“ I seek the “ crimson-tipped ” flower—
“ On its white bosom fall my tears,
“ As Mem'ry traces backward years ;
“ And dreams of him† who pour'd his song,
“ Broad Doon, thy daisied banks along—
“ And thou, Nyth, village-maidens tell,
“ Wast so enamour'd of his shell,
“ That thou thy course would'st often stay
“ To listen to his touching lay :
“ And mountain-shepherds still relate,
“ How once he took his harp and sate
“ Where “ roaring Fyers ” pours his flood,
“ And almost tam'd his furious mood.
“ Thus often straying, fancy-led,
“ I muse, and muse, and mourn him dead.
“ But, sudden bursting on my ear,
“ What dæmon-sounds are those I hear ?

* The rose.

† Robert Burns.

The Dwelling of Poesy.

" It is! it is! Kirk Alloway's yell!
 " Farewell, my dream—my bard, farewell!

" When next I muse, 'twill haply be
 " Amid the silent groves, where he,
 " That master-wizard,* wrought the spell
 " Which held me bound, and made me dwell
 " Along with him, within the walls
 " Of classic Horton's lofty halls—
 " But soon he felt a holier fire—
 " With forceful hand he struck his lyre:
 " Heavenward his eye extatic turn'd,
 " The grov'ling earth his spirit spurn'd,
 " Upward through countless realms of light,
 " With me it wing'd its rapid flight,
 " Nor rested till the eternal blaze
 " Of God's own altar met its gaze.

" That mighty lyre's emphatic sound
 " Soon reach'd and rang the Empyrean round—
 " Through all the heavens that summons flew,
 " And all th' angelic orders knew,
 " And, smiling, the glad signal own'd—
 " But Satan stood apart, and frown'd—
 " The loud hosanna ceas'd to peal—
 " Thunder'd the glowing chariot wheel—
 " While seem'd to set the air on fire
 " The lightning of its diamond tire;
 " The arch-angelic warriors meet,
 " And kneel around Jehovah's seat—
 " While only one, erect of mien,
 " Out-shining all the rest, was seen,
 " As, in advance, alone he stood
 " Full in the midst of that bright flood
 " Of living light, that burning shone,
 " And, in its lustre, hid the throne
 " Of HIM, the Everlasting One,
 " From all, save this—his only Son.

" Next, haply, on that famous spot
 " Where Cumæ stood, and by that grot
 " Where, erst, denouncing wrath was seen
 " The haggard form and frensied mien
 " Of her, that Millenarian sage,†
 " Deep read in Fate's most hidden page,
 " As, wrapt in her divining mood,
 " High on her stone erect she stood,
 " With hair flung back, and arms thrown wide,
 " And pour'd her song's prophetic tide—
 " Or, stooping 'neath her cavern's eaves,
 " Low muttering, spread her mystic leaves:

" Or, haply, where thy ruins strew
 " The stranger's pathway, fall'n Astu!‡
 " Where Homer with old Hesiod strove
 " In bardic rivalry and love;

* Milton.

† The Cumæan Sibyl, said to have lived one thousand years.

‡ Athens, called by the Athenians, per emphasin, Astu, *The city*.

“ And 'mid whose bowers th' 'Athenian Bee' *
“ Distill'd his honied melody—
“ Birth-place of him,† who first, 'tis said,
“ Made skulking Murder hide his head,
“ And bade the Furies,‡ from their trance
“ Round Pluto's throne, come forth to dance.

“ Or, haply, else, the while I stand
“ And meditate, on Paros' strand,
“ Of him,§ whose rude Iambic whip
“ Her writhing limbs made Folly strip,
“ And cowering Vice his back to bare—
“ And drove Lycambes to despair.
“ Or where thy bard, O Teos!|| dwelt,
“ And mine, and Love's dominion felt,
“ As joyous, sitting 'neath his vine,
“ He troll'd his catch, and quaff'd his wine.

“ Or, as I stroll with Dante's ghost,
“ Along that river's shadowy coast,
“ Whose wondrous waters, legends tell,
“ Nine several times encircle Hell—
“ Or loitering, still with him, beside,
“ Hot Phlegethon,¶ thy burning tide,
“ Beneath those brazen walls that bound,
“ And Hell's black prison-house** surround,
“ And listen to the groan, the cry,
“ The shriek of hopeless Misery—
“ The hard, suppress'd, deep, labouring moan,
“ As Sisyphus upheaves his stone—
“ Ixion's roar, alternate toss'd,
“ As turns his wheel, from fire to frost.

“ And, sometimes, mad with frolic whim,
“ I mount the white cloud's golden rim—
“ Or, on the hurrying storm-drift ride,
“ And laugh to hear the tempest chide—
“ Or, cradled 'tween the horns o' th' moon,
“ I lie and sleep, at night's high noon.

“ These are my haunts—if thou for me
“ Would'st ever fit companion be,
“ Go, seek the flow'ry margin green
“ Of my lov'd fountain, Hippocrene—

* Plato, who, says Lempriere, “for the elegance, melody, and sweetness of his expressions, was distinguished by the appellation of the *Athenian Bee*.”

† Æschylus; he was the first writer of tragedies, who banished the representation of murder from the Greek stage, making it always be committed behind the scenes.

‡ He wrote a tragedy, called *Eumenides*, i. e. the Furies.

§ Archilochus, inventor of the Iambic measure, in which he severely lashed the follies and vices of his age. He wrote so bitter an invective against Lycambes, that he hung himself in a fit of despair.

|| Anacreon.

¶ A river of Hell, surrounding Tartarus, whose waters are always boiling hot.

** That particular portion of the infernal regions, called Tartarus, was appropriated to the reception of the worst offenders only: it was said to be surrounded first by brazen walls, and then by the river Phlegethon.

" And in its waters bathe thy brow—
 " And at my altar pay thy vow—
 " Then shalt thou have thine eyes unseal'd,
 " And all my mysteries reveal'd,
 " By those my favourite handmaids nine,
 " Whose duty 'tis to watch my shrine ;
 " Then will I give thy spirit wing,
 " Together from the earth we'll spring,
 " And, as we upward soar along,
 " O'er mount and main we'll pour our song,
 " While list'ning nations catch the strain,
 " And send it echoing back again !"

E. J.

POSTSCRIPT TO MR. MOORE'S VERSES UPON THE
MARRIAGE OF LADY VALLETORT.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.*

FAIR inmate of these ivied walls, beneath
 Whose cloister'd shade, sad † Ela sleeps in death,
 Let loftier poets, in undying verse,
 Thy virtues, and the bloom of youth, rehearse ;
 Be mine, on this glad day, when all rejoice,
 To sing the magic music of thy voice,
 Heard with delight, where once the chapel dim
 Echoed to the pale vestal's evening hymn ;
 That voice, which, now the transient spell is o'er,
 In the world's tumult, I may hear no more.

LIVE LONG—LIVE HAPPY ! this forsaken scene
 Remembering,—these gray walls and meadows green :

LIVE LONG—LIVE HAPPY ! and when many a day
 In love and harmony has pass'd away ;
 When Eve's pale hands the gates of life shall close,
 And hush the landscape in its last repose,
 May sister-seraphs greet with kindred song,
 And gently say, "*Why have you stay'd so long !*"

* The omission in Mr. Moore's verses, of all allusion to Lady Valletort's musical talents, suggested the above supplement to his poem.

† The founder of the Abbey at Lacock, the widowed wife of the son of Henry 2nd, by Fair Rosamond.

AN ENGLISH COUNTY ASSIZES.

A TRULY great man—happily for us a contemporary—once remarked, that the entire machinery of executive government, king, army, navy, all for which we pay imposts and suffer restraints, exists but in order that an appointed number of skilful men may sit secure at Westminster, dispensing equal justice, and have their decrees obeyed. It is merely dilating the above to add, that the like applies to their regular peregrination of the provinces. Should not, then, these visitations be as imposing as they surely are important? In reality they are: for, take all the outward parade of state functions, there is no exhibition which mingles so much ostensive pageantry with solid impressions—which excites at once such active interest and genuine respect, as that of the assizes for a great English county. The occasion is, as it were, a periodical avatar of the guardian genius of equal law and social order in the particular region. Indeed, one might imagine some such acknowledgment, undefined, but controlling, did govern the minds of the attendant lieges, begetting in them a reverence unfelt at other times. Even the rudest boor, to whom that potent triad of words, “king, lords, and commons,” is but a sound to gape at, has a fixed and sensible notion of “t’sizes;” makes the periods of their recurrence his *epochæ*, and ever regards them with a dread, but not unreasoning awe. As for the contemplative man, the progress of the sages, the king’s—society’s representatives, commissioned to deal out even-handed justice to himself and fellows, cannot be otherwise than deeply interesting. One is always obnoxious to a sneer in attempting to mix up any thing like sentiment with events that have become matters of routine: it may follow these prefatory passages. I affect not to arm them, when I say—I care not.

Nor do the details of the scene detract from the influence of its nature. Rather the contrary. The antique ceremonials in most places observed, associated as they are with our earliest ideas, lose, the while, all their quaintness, or retain it only to lend a peculiar colouring, far from ineffective. Then, the gathering of the county gentry—lords of manors and franklins, bearing names as old and familiar to the hearers, as those of their native hills and streams—each with “tail on,” renews those features of olden days else fast fading from the land—features which have the charm of being so distinctly English.

During a recent sojourn in my own county—one remote and passing free from modern vitiations—the occurrence of this legal solemnity enabled me to hail unchanged most of its ancient concomitants. The moral spectacle presented by a court of justice, is naturally painful to humanity; let me, therefore, do reason to mine own, by early premising, that if I now and hereinafter evade the view of its melancholy relations, it is because those are foreign to the scope of my theme. No, previously almost denationalized amidst the homogeneous mass of metropolitan society, and surfeited with its tinsel inanities, I recognized with exceeding relish, incidents and semblances de-

cidedly native to my fatherland. The sight revived my mental youth, at the same time that some of its characteristics suggested reflections not unconnected with an immediate day. A sketch of what I import, drawn from this single instance, on the *ab uno* principle, will best elucidate my views, and may interest a few who cherish correspondent recollections. Recollections! Heaven knows whether the rage for retaining the worser and disusing the better part of our venerable customs, may long allow the things I would depict to endure at all, save in recollections. The thought gives object to an attempt. Let not this exordium induce those marching with the advanced guard of improvement, to prejudge my *animus*. They will find me humbly, but willingly, toiling forward in their rear.

Now to apply *ad rem*. The first premonition the county of — receives of the commencement of the assizes, comes in a courteous shape. The high sheriff issues a public invitation to the “gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders,” to meet him at the Moot-hall in N——, on a given day, “thence to accompany him to receive his majesty’s judges” on the verge of his bailiwick. This is no barren formality. It constitutes an act of graceful homage to the laws, and is preceded by a more hearty homage to generous cheer. The sheriff’s wine-butts bleed to prove their owner’s munificence. Attendance on the part of the invited is considered a compliment, and the popularity of the functionary for the time being has been measurable by its extent. On the previous evening, his arrival in N—— is announced by repeated peals from the church bells, which, together with the crowding in of country visitors, sets the inhabitants all on the *qui vive*. A buzz and bustle is visible in the streets, but unlike the buzz and bustle of other times. This seems subdued and serious, without being a whit less obvious. While the clanging bells on the one hand excited a lively stirring of the blood, pitiful sensations, produced by the cry of hawkers vending the prison calendar, quelled the genial disposition.

Next day, at the hour appointed, the doors of the Moot-hall are thrown open. To what they admitted me a few months ago, reader, consent to be introduced. In a large chamber of the hall the sheriff received his guests. A long table stretched down its centre, so lavishly covered, that the surface was undiscernible through the array of bottles, glasses, and plates of cake. Undecanted, the generous juice proclaimed its quality through the medium of a modest label; for here, as the moments were brief, and the company a multitude, plenty, with facility of attainment, was the chief study. At the head of the board stood the official host, presiding over an enormous bowl of punch, the fragrant contents of which he graciously distributed amongst the numerous persons who approached him with their complimentary salutations. Of these, many were plain yeomen, his own tenantry or neighbours, who had come from some distance in their best guise, and with their best market nags, to do honour to “the squire” by riding in his train. To them he paid a kindly courtesy, which they returned amid a jostling of bows and scrapes, tending to discharge their glasses any way but into their own thirsty gullets. At the foot, the under sheriff held post, in similar but less marked occupation. Chairs and benches were disposed around the walls of

the room, but not near the table; the confines of that being too densely lined to admit of sitting thereabout. On one of these, in a snug corner, I took my seat, and indulged a disposition to con over the attributes of the assemblage. I could not help noting with national satisfaction, the happy specimen of English manhood the occasion had congregated; whether displayed in the sturdy limbs and equally sturdy carriage of the homely farmers, or in the clear complexions, hawk eyes, and carelessly frank, though perhaps somewhat proud bearing that distinguished the "country gentlemen." The latter, mostly booted and spurred for the cavalcade to succeed, figured in the especial semblance of their order. I had always thought that an air of truer fashion—of distinction, certainly—pervades persons of this class, than is to be found about the most *point device* of your town-bred men, *maugre* all their exquisitism. The opinion was this day strengthened. Greeting and recognitions of the warmest kind rang from one end of the room to the other. Schoolfellows and college mates living at opposite extremes of the county, or only visiting it at this season, seized the opportunity to refresh their ancient friendships. The county members too, as well as an embryo candidate, might be observed contending with each other, which should exhibit the best understanding with this mixed gathering of the constituency. Gradually the higher gentry retired, or withdrew apart in groupes, when fresh comers, *sine nomine turba*, (for no one was excluded from the sheriff's hospitality whom sense of propriety allowed to claim it,) flowed into the regale. Such long has been, and happily continues, the hearty old English mode of proceeding in ———. Honoured be the burthen of the honest song, which says,

" 'Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag *all*."

For an "*egalite*" of that description, at least, I am a stickler.

At length, the express minute having arrived, the sheriff, after soliciting the company of his friends, quitted the table and repaired to horse. Not intending myself to mount, I hastened by a near route to the mansion of an intimate; from the windows of which I could behold the passing show.—(Would that some Irishman would invent a mode of using the egotistical pronoun whereby it might seem not to refer to one's own very self!) Scarcely sooner however than the sound of trumpets in an adjoining street announced its vicinity. Anon the "mighty whiffler" who headed the procession emerged into view. He came on in the shape of a fat, red-nosed officer, in cocked hat, white coat, covered with worsted lace, and crimson plush inexpressibles. He bestrode a heavy rough-heeled charger, that paced none the more gallantly for having had its duty changed from draughtage to portage. In his right-hand the rider carried a long white wand, which, sooth to say, he showed more inclination to use by way of riding-rod, than to sway as a type of his executive office. He would evidently have enjoyed his conspicuous dignity all the better for its being less solitary. A few yards behind rode a pair of trumpeters; clad like their leader in the sheriff's livery, and having his arms gaily emblazoned on silken banners attached to their instru-

ments. These halted from time to time and winded a point of music, running in a mournful strain, never used but upon this occasion. The well-remembered, but unfamiliar cadences, revived within my breast a portion of that awe wherewith I had listened to them in boyhood. Nay, I caught myself involuntarily "churning" over a doleful jingle of words—

"Pray, pray for the poor prisoners, pray,"

which children and simple folks had adapted to the notes,—or rather, fancied to be their original and intended language. In the rear of these jogged a mounted posse of county bailiffs, all bearing white wands; jolly yeomen-looking fellows, having visages utterly free from that sinister leer noticeable in your city catchpole. Their rosy gills and unsteady seats evidenced how fully they had partaken of their temporary master's good gifts. Next rode the county goaler—no common turnkey, but a respectable elderly personage, bearing a black wand, emblematical, I suppose, of his gloomy functions. He was followed by the under-sheriff. Restraining the gambades of a spirited steed, splendidly caparisoned, came on the great director of the *posse comitatis* himself. He, as indeed did his two last-named subordinates, wore the cocked-hat and dress sword of the past century, together with the white buckskins and high jack boots proper for riding attire. I admired this equipment, both as becoming in itself, and as contributing to due distinction, without departing from the substantials of civilian costume. The wearer being a gentleman of portly presence, his appearance, while it freely commanded the grave respect we yield to the civil powers, challenged something of the dazzled regard we give the military. Two elegantly-garbed pages—objects of greater attraction to the juvenile and vulgar crowd than him they attended—walked alongside, one near each stirrup. At the heels of the high sheriff, riding in all the irregularity of a Tartar horde, but with exterior very different, pressed forward a whole regiment of peaceful cavalry. Noblemen, knights of the shire, esquires, commoners, burly farmers, and country attorneys, with a sprinkling of younger gallants, whose chief object was to exhibit their figures and horsemanship, justled flanks with the utmost good-humour. Following the cavaliers, a continuous train comprising, beside the state carriage and retinue of the sheriff, the equipages of the Lord Lieutenant and gentry, closed the scene. The procession was, as is obvious, simple enough; but it was in good taste, and bore on it an impress of bluff English solidity that more than supplied the lack of glitter.

I mean not to attend the *cortege* to the ground, a short mile or two out of town, where it is customary to await the coming of the itinerant dignitaries. Suffice it to say, that its members have no need to spend there a period of dry-lipped expectancy. Neither will I dwell on the re-entry of the authorities after that event. But supposing the succeeding day (usually, by old arrangement, the sabbath) to have dawned, I discover in its observances matter upon which I must pause.

Without being so absurd as to hint a dispensation, somehow it is that a bright sun and a fair sky generally favour the assize Sunday

in N——. As the morning advances, the town becomes thronged with rustic folk, eager to obtain a glimpse of “my lords ‘Size,” as they progress in solemn procession to the high church, where they customarily attend divine service twice in the day. So much is the event respected by these good people, that its summer return has been adopted for the juncture whereat the thrifty and methodical amongst them don their annual new suit. These gazers mostly content themselves with an admiring stare at the high sheriff’s state carriage, and a peep at the awful wigs seen through its windows; but with the better classes, it is a fashion to squeeze for seats in the church. There they take pleasure in hearing what is called the assize sermon; an effusion in which some rural vicar considers himself bound to lecture the “learned in the law” on the great duty of awarding “justice in mercy.” I have herein before recorded my indifference to the opinions of those cold practitioners—those mill-horses of society, who are incapable of separating the pure ideality of things from the dross of their ordinary routine. Why do I repeat the protest? Because I am free to confess that on the day in question, I could not confine my views to sober criticism, while I listened to the interpreter of eternal law confronting and warning the sworn guardians of our mundane institutes. The preacher had few pretensions to eloquence, but he was zealous and sincere; and moreover seemed truly to *feel* his proud position. It pleased me to remark that the venerable personages he addressed, however intellectually inferior they might deem their teacher, hearkened to his homily with respectful attention. Either I am much mistaken, or they were feelingly touched by the same abstract sentiments whereto I have just humbly laid claim; doubtless heightened in effect by a sense of grave responsibility. By the way, what a most estimable body of men are the judges of our supreme courts! At once the most essential, most studied, most laborious, and most upright of all our public functionaries. Their judicial characters are, indeed, what Cæsar would have had his wife’s chastity—beyond suspicion. The complaint of disappointed suitors, common to all times and climates, never in ours is heard to imply corruption in their judge. An *esprit du corps*, pernicious for bad purposes, is alike powerful and priceless for good. It is such a stimulus that nerves the soldier to fight, while the civilian flies—makes the sailor leap active to the yards, while the storm-frighted landsman cowers trembling on the deck—and urges the physician undismayed to enter the pest-house, which all others shun with trepidation. The *esprit du corps* of our English bench, thanks to unvarying example, dictates humanity and inflexible probity.

Another night passed, come we now to the real opening of the *officina justitiæ*—to the moment when ceremonies of pomp and courtesy are replaced by forms of livelier import. It is profitable, and may be self-satisfying, to contrast our feelings at each of life’s ages antecedent to that of “wise saws and modern instances.” I well remember, when a stripling, I used at an early hour before the court’s sitting, to take my station under the porch of the Moot-hall. Elbowed by a crowd of both sexes, with shining *morning* faces all, and pockets crammed with oranges and biscuits—“provant,” as Major

Dalgetty would express it, for the day's sedentary campaign. How was I awed into silent expectation by the staff of petty authority—a sceptre for the nonce; and prone to regard with envious ban certain pert, cock-nosed youths of my acquaintance, who by dint of blue bags and red-taped packets, achieved at once the *entrée* for which I was fain to await a later chance. That accomplished in the end, with what reverence did I gaze on the austere majesty of scarlet and ermine presiding on high within, and peer upon that modern "round table" below; whereabout, to parody some better lines,

" 'Midst froth, and fume, and pother,
Gown flaunts on gown,
And each wig mocks its (learned) brother."

If, at the time present, I looked on the same arena with less breathless awe, it was because I beheld it with a more breathing spirit.

As of old, the throng at the entrances did not consist solely of the work of Nature's prentice hand; neither, on entering, did I find the galleries unadorned by her perfect performance. On the contrary, they were gay with gauze and feathers. Whence is it that our gentle and retiring fair have such a passion for wasting their sweetness on the desert air of law courts—mewed up and half suffocated, besides being almost necessarily subjected to a cavalier kind of treatment unexperienced elsewhere? And all to witness a dry procedure they cannot follow, and listen to harangues, nine sentences in ten of which are unintelligible to them—or, under grace, to any body! "Tis a custom," and so forth, as the Dame has it. Seriously, woman, delightful in her sphere, ought never willingly to cross man amid his sterner duties. Such collision destroys those softening associations he delights most to cherish, and she should least wish to see broken. But I am touching strings that do not discourse in harmony with the tone I would give my lucubrations. To that let me awake.

The primary act of the court is to call over the names of the gentlemen in the commission of the peace. A lengthened list, which it is hardly necessary to observe, includes (acting and non-acting) the whole of the county aristocracy. While this is doing, such of the same as are present rise and salute his lordship on the bench. Grant me indulgence if, pleased with the prominent lines of this proceeding, I expatiate thereon. Before me sat the genius of the law impersonified; aside, appeared its deputed administrators, severally bending the head in filial recognition of the substance whereof they were the multiplied shadows. Dismissing abstractions, it was a goodly sight to mark, on personal knowledge, all that the district contained of honour and influence thus gathered together in voluntary deference to the behests of courtesy and usage; prepared, moreover, to answer for their individual acts of office, as well as to receive in a body the compliments, or strictures, which the complexion of the calendar might lead the "trusty and well-beloved" deputy of the king to pronounce. It reminded me of the feudal renewals of fealty, but with this happy difference, that I here saw nor villein, nor vassal, nor arbitrary lord—the Law alone was suzerain.

Again, the eyes changing their direction, fell on another equally goodly sight, that of the array of honest yeomen—of bluff freeholders, whose proud duty it was ultimately to declare the verdict of the country on the presentments of the others, its peace's conservators—at home their landlords. *Petit* jurors in name, but great as the sole power of deciding on a freeman's rights can make them.

The summoning and swearing of grand jurors over, and the antiquated but well-meant proclamation against "vice and immorality" read, the venerable judge—B——, the senior of his brethren and "every inch a *judge*"—with the urbanity of a finished gentleman, and an anxious solicitude to be mercifully understood, that sprung from attributes of a higher order, proceeded to deliver his charge.—Here I must break off detail. It formed no part of my intention to travel through the course of criminal prosecution, or particularize all the ordinary features of a court of justice. With these most are familiar. My subject originally rose before me, not, as I have before noticed, in its severe affinities, but as incidentally fraught with much that was socially picturesque. Political reflections grew thereon. To them belongs our remaining space.

In dwelling so complacently, as I have done, on the presence and importance of the county aristocracy at our assizes, let me guard against being deemed an adulator of that favoured caste—the envy of emperors!* Than such an assumption, there cannot be a more egregious error. As an oligarchy is my abhorrence, I would denude those who might compose it of all power, save that which may be comprised within the moral influence of their respective positions. That is, a power which cannot subtract aught from the general stock of good; for it must be largely *bought* by private benefactions. If, therefore, there appear any national debit, it will only be until balanced against the far outweighing local *per contra*. But this is looking at the beau ideal of the thing. Though a reverer of solid English habits and feelings, they shall never, with my will, be made buttresses to corruption and misgovernment; as has been attempted in other quarters. No, I admit, nay, proclaim, that the high gentry of this land, the natural leaders of its people, are degenerating in the qualities that erst established their pre-eminence. As endowed with a high sense of honour, with generous impulses, and with polished tastes, they stand irreproachable; but, for public purposes,

"Paulum sepultæ distat inertia
Celata virtus."

They are neglecting the sources of their past or passing influence, while they at the same time cling to its exercise. They still covet the jewel, but will not pay the olden price. Is it to be asked, what was that price?—'tis answered. It consisted in an almost constant residence on their estates—in a graceful intercourse with their humbler neighbours, in a kindly participation in their concerns, and in the perennial extension of substantial hospitality; not of the modern—the

* The world cannot have forgotten the expression of the Russian Alexander to this effect!

quasi hospitality which confines itself to a circle,—not the hospitality displayed in feasting summer loungers, in *battues*, and in private theatricals, whereat fashionable inanity languishes equally before and behind the curtain; but an exhibition infinitely more comprehensive and incomparably less heartless. 'Twas the nights spent in the baronial hall bound the ancient vassalry to their days of service in the field, more than the force of tenures. But now artificial tastes, a sickly fastidiousness, and an insulting spirit of exclusion, characterize our *grandezza*. They cannot, forsooth, endure the atmosphere in which low people breathe; meaning, by low people, the entire talent and worth of the empire, unconnected with a certain number of families, named in a certain small blue volume. Is this the way to conciliate a great and free-minded nation? They may say, are we not at liberty to indulge our refined inclinations in the choice of our own society?—may we not be “lords of our own presence,” as well as of “much land beside?” To that I rejoin, certainly; but bid adieu, then, to the “palmy state” of English nobility. Prepare to sink into a despised *clique* of Opera-house *noblesse*. Nay, let the noble old English title of earl be forthwith changed into count, conte, or conti, that in future no unpleasing reminiscences may arise to shock the ears of the select, nor pollute the retrospections of an indignant country. Live for yourselves if you please, but cease to demand of others. Nor must the frequent commingling in such scenes as that which has furnished matter for these pages be omitted, in order to avert the results just glanced at. 'Tis in assemblies of that kind the true English gentleman best shines. Indolence and fashionable folly may declare attendance a bore, but far distant be the time when the opinion shall become general; and, consequently, equally distant the time when counter opinions, confessing the magnitude and splendour of the seats and castles which adorn our verdant fields, shall wonder at the insignificance of their owners.

C. S. A.

THE LION MUZZLED;

OR, BERANGER IN ENGLAND.

Time was the British Lion stood,
 Majestic upon Europe's plain,
 Lord of two worlds, of land and flood,
 With lightning glance and horrent mane.
 What upstart Russian mock'd his gaze?
 What huckstering Dutchman dared his blow?
 To-day, dare, mock him, be at ease—
 Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

The hungry Croat and Austrian slave
 May trample Italy's rich fields,
 No more the royal beast can save—
 His look is meek, his fierceness yields:

He sees tyrannic fangs and claws
The very heart of freedom plough,
Yet motionless his teeth and jaws—
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now !

When the trine despots covenants tear
As reeking Poland's death-shrieks rise,
And murderers with their red arms bare,
Mangle—then jeer her agonies ;
The royal perjurers' guilt confest,
See the chang'd beast no courage show,
As if he sanctioned their behest—
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now !

Calmuc and Cossack get his gold
That should for hours of need provide ;
His debts are more than can be told,
His bonds unpaid on every side :
These tame him ! What ! so abject still,
No wrinkle on his faded brow,
To speak the indignant thwarted will ?
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now !

Along the wild romantic Rhine
The Vandal hordes are gathering fast ;
Vainly may Hanoverians pine,
Poor infants to the Moloch cast !
King half of freeman, half of slave,
Is he, their lord, who bids them bow ;
But where's the champion that might save ?
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now !

His wealth by Tories misapplied,
To job or set up Bourbon kings ;
The nation by their blunders tied,
Like bird with vainly fluttering wings.
By Whigs now ruled who temporize ;
The roar is but the steer's weak low
That once in thunder shook the skies—
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now !

Belgium confides and is betrayed,
With promises they duped her sons :—
State-stranglers now they stand arrayed
'Gainst law and right with swords and guns.
And must the noble beast succumb,
Stifle free thought, truth disavow,
Crouch, flatter, fawn, and still be dumb ?
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now !

Come Europe's Lord from Volga's waves,
Nero or Nicholas with thy knout !
Come Prussia, Austria, twin-slaves,
Change men to brutes, force knowledge out ;
Drive back to ignorance man's mind,
Make your kings'-paradise below !
The beast that might have saved mankind,
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now !

SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

WHEN Malvolio read in his letter, that while "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," the latter part of the sentence must have been highly satisfactory, as pointing out a new inlet to the road of honour: it has proved the pride and consolation also of the house of Wiggins, now no longer wrapt in obscurity, but blended with the choicest names of chivalry.

During a nameless year, when party spirit ran high, and liberty and extension of rights were the watchwords, a certain family of high respectability, but of no pre-eminence, being staunch advocates of all the rights of man, found one of their members installed in all the dignity of representative of the borough in which they resided.

The family of Wiggins were all highly elated by so unlooked for an honour, for they stood in relationship, in no more distant grade than that of first cousin to the new sitting member, and hoped accordingly to derive benefit and dignity in proportion to their affinity.

Perhaps it may not be a matter of any public moment, nor even indeed may the reader's curiosity be so much excited, as to render it necessary that the genealogy of the house of Wiggins should be detailed with nice precision; but the bearings of the narrative I am about to develop, will be grafted more strongly on the memory, if I briefly mention, that the father and eldest son stood at the head of the firm, "Wiggins, Wiggins, Walruss, and Co., Oil Merchants," of no little repute, in the same borough.

Mr. Wiggins himself was a man of no great attainment, but by diligence and a plain understanding had effected—what men of far superior endowments have often been unable to compass—the end they aim at; and no sooner had his relative started to commence his parliamentary functions, than he resolved, having an ample fortune, to bask in the metropolis, in the sunshine and under the recognition of a senator.

He had, besides his son, an only daughter, 'ycleped Phœbe, and such a splendid opportunity of introduction as was thus afforded, was not to be lost. The whole family, it was agreed, was to migrate to the most fashionable part of the most fashionable street in all the metropolis.

Miss Phœbe was a lady of no vulgar attainment; she had had the best masters both in music and in dancing her native town afforded, and for a longer period than any girl in the borough: her voice was a pitch higher than the highest note in the town organ: besides, she had a very pretty taste for poetry, as was evinced by divers ponderous tomes extracted from various authors by herself entirely; and if her taste was only on a par with her assiduity, it must be allowed it was almost unlimited.

Great was the surprise of our heroine on her arrival in town, to find that friends, whose sincerity she could not doubt, ventured to hint, that a little polishing, aye, and even a new dress-maker, would in no wise be detrimental to her appearance and general contour.

To be sure, she did her steps, said "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and was very monosyllabic at first; but this shortly wore off, and being rather pretty, and of a known good fortune, she might on the whole be said to succeed. "Lyttleton," said a dandyfied, bewhiskered youth, sitting on his horse, and looking over the fosse into Kensington Gardens, while the band was playing a spirit-stirring air; "have you heard of Coutrain?"

"No," replied the gentleman appealed to, "what's the matter? Has he been shaking his elbow a little too much in Jermyn Street? or does he wince going through Tattersall's gate, eh?"

"O dear no! quite another tack," resumed his companion, "he has been seduced into throwing his whole stock in trade, his wealth, wit, and valour, at the feet of a fair syren."

Lyttleton looked incredulous, but on being re-assured of the fact, exclaimed, "Well, I pity Lady Harriet from my soul; but she loves him to distraction, and may have sufficient influence to reform him; I trust it may be so—she is worthy a better fate, poor girl!"

"Lady Harriet, my dear fellow, has nothing whatever to do with it," interrupted the informant; "this is a cherry-cheeked, rosy-armed lass, that was never bitted or curbed till this season, and with a little lunging to correct her paces, will, I assure you, turn out a very decent, creditable filly. I forget her name, either Scriggle or Wiggil, or something like it, not very euphonous, but I hear her purse sounds well as an offset. I was at Lady Mode's last night and saw the whole tragedy, very dolorous, on my honour; Lady Harriet was there, and every thing to make the scene effective—I would not have missed it for all the world. Her ladyship carried it with a high hand, and although very pale, never looked better; and to give extra effect to the whole, the mother of the bride elect strutted about the room like a game cock, as if the whole victory had been her sole achievement, not much, if I judged aright, to Coutrain's satisfaction."

The outline of this narrative, I am bound to say, is perfectly correct; but not being used to treat these matters in so light a strain, I shall venture to detail them in more sombre colours than those used by our friend in the whisker-framed face.

The Hon. Charles Coutrain had for some time paid, if not an exclusive, yet a most marked and assiduous attention to Lady Harriet Belmont; neither had fortunes, and the former was a thriftless, extravagant man of fashion, and often had they been advised to stifle the passion as inauspicious, but somehow—it was mere accident—he always found himself in her box at the opera; if she was taking a canter in the park, it generally happened, I know not how, but his horse's head was turning out of Pall Mall into the park gate at the very same hour.

But a few days previous to the evening which gave birth to the result already cursorily alluded to, while airing in the park, her ladyship was joined by Coutrain. "You appear melancholy, Harriet," said he, having strived for some time in vain to amuse her; "may I flatter myself that I am the occasion?"

"Indeed you are," replied the poor girl, in a low and plaintive voice, "I wish you would take my advice and travel for a year or two; I much fear you spend your time here but to little advantage."

"Is it my morality alone," retorted the youth, "that causes you so much anxiety? I hope the Society for the Suppression of Vice will take me in hand shortly, and it will doubtless be a great alleviation to your ladyship's anxiety. Is that your only motive?"

"Charles, Charles," said Lady Harriet, looking downwards, "you do me and yourself great injustice; you know we can never be more than friends, and this surely might disarm you of jesting when I speak with a friend's sincerity. We are both wrong to meet thus often—it can tend to no good purpose." A most animated rhapsody on eternal devotion was interrupted by their being joined by a large cavalcade of acquaintances, and after a few common-place remarks on the state of the roads, the mildness of the weather, and the strength of Westminster Bridge, which are at all times safe subjects, Coutrain made his obeisance, and took his leave.

The tender and disinterested regard evinced towards him by Lady Harriet, was but little calculated to loosen the tie, already too closely woven round his heart to be burst asunder. He knew himself in circum-

stances a perfect wreck, and could not but bitterly lament, that with family and appearance sufficient to make him acceptable in any circle, he should be devoted to one, with whom the Fates seemed for ever to debar the reasonable prospect of a union. "Something must be done," said he, as he turned his horse towards home, "things cannot remain thus. *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.* I'll to Ascot." Accordingly he finished his book at Tattersall's, doubling every previous stake, with a slight addenda, quadrupling the whole amount: unfortunately his book did not prove what most new editions profess to be, not only "auction but emendation," consequently being miserably screwed upon the gold cup, he could not conceal from himself that something must be done to pacify his creditors, or the "in" door at Tattersall's would be too narrow for him on the Tuesday following.

On the evening to which we have referred, he dined with a few select friends, and proceeded to Lady Mode's in a state little short of ebriety. Among the company was Miss Phœbe Wiggins, whom he had not infrequently met at her uncle's, the renowned member for the borough aforesaid. They were in some degree political partizans in the house, which brought them, at the then busy period, often in contact.

Coutrain selected Phœbe as his partner, and poured out no little of that small talk, happy if it be innocuous, which is so general an attendant on vacuity of mind and repletion of champagne. The dance being over and the lady duly resigned, Coutrain with a hurried eye and agitated manner advanced towards Lady Harriet; a single glance persuaded her that he was under the influence, either of wine or passion, in no ordinary degree; looking at him therefore pensively rather than with reproach, she said, "Do not ask me to dance with you to-night, I shall not dance at all; but if you will speak with me a moment before we leave, I have something to communicate that may give you pleasure." Scarcely appearing to notice her request, he remained motionless, gazing on her with an intenseness which was quite painful, then suddenly, as recollecting himself, withdrew and disappeared. Little did she recognize in his look the thought that was festering at his heart! Little did she dream that he was then for the last time drinking at her eyes that libation of love which but a moment after he was about so unworthily to pollute. It was even so; he turned from her not to meditate on her anxious but beautiful eyes, not to pine that she was beyond his grasp; but again to lead out Miss Wiggins, and to finish by declaring that his every earthly happiness was centered in her, and at her disposal.

Never was child, when for the first time in his life his baited rod bears pendant on it the wriggling fish extracted from the neighbouring brook, half so triumphant, half so unbounded in his joy, as was Phœbe's mama on this auspicious occasion.

With a positive and uncompromising injunction to secrecy, she communicated the circumstance, quite in a confidential way, to every soul with whom she was acquainted. Luckily her connexion was not extensive, for it must be confessed, that Coutrain did not feel the honour so decidedly as the eligibility, and was not likely to become a convert, either by the address or demeanour of his future mother-in-law, who, if her relative obtained the dignity of senator for his patriotism, went yet a step further, for all who knew her, allowed that she was not only patriotic but provincial.

Lady Harriet had waited some time expecting Coutrain to make his appearance: never before had he kept her one moment in suspense. She had seen the flirtation carried on between him and a robust and healthy-looking lass, but never for a moment did it cross her mind, that it was at the worst done otherwise than with a view to pique her for her voluntary refusal to dance with him throughout the evening. She inquired as

to her name indirect, and on hearing it, merely replied, she could almost have guessed it. The appalling truth broke on her ear just as she was about to leave the room. She felt that she trembled, yet knowing that the eyes of many were upon her, with her sister under her arm, she approached to where Coutrain was standing, and quietly telling him that another day would serve for her communication, passed on, and reached her carriage just in time to save her fainting from being made a public topic for conversation.

No one who is in the habit of perusing the *Morning Post* and his chocolate together, but must have noticed the marriage of the Honourable Charles Coutrain with Miss Phœbe Wiggins, with the unctuous adjuncts of hymeneal altar—lovely bride—chariot and four—charming retreat, Isle of Wight,—all blazoned forth in the most appropriate terms, and in the happiest phraseology; and although as I have not at this moment by me a file of the paper, I cannot verify my assertion, yet if I do not greatly err, the very dress of the lady is stated and eulogized, with a most unexceptionable list of grandees, who either were, or were prevented being, present on this happy occasion.

Coutrain was more fortunate than most men who make so haphazard a selection. The object of his choice was a girl endowed with many excellent qualities, and calculated in many situations to have rendered a man eminently happy; but any one who will take the trouble to look over a page of Locke on the "Fitness of Things" will easily comprehend that there may be positions which will render agreement impossible. The Isle of Wight, with its flowering shrubs and its balmy air, "sweet as the breath of music," had such charms for the bride, that she felt as if she could, with the handsome and elegant Coutrain, have romanced away the remainder of life amidst its picturesque and varied scenery. Far other was the feeling of Coutrain; the fair Phœbe fell very short of his ideal of beauty and elegance, and even her hilarity and never-failing good temper savoured too much, in his fastidious eye, of rustic simplicity, to please him. This at first was only when ruffled by some untoward accident, and was scarcely heeded; or if observed, only laughed at by his happy partner, if it carried him so far as to indulge himself in any causticity of observation. But as July crept on, it put him in mind that his hunters—alas! he now had none—should be stabled; that the favourite for the St. Leger—alas! he knew not even the betting—must be well ascertained, with many a train of reflections but little auspicious to the future happiness of poor Phœbe.

It was arranged that they were to visit the relatives of the lady till some suitable residence for themselves could be selected. How did the heart of the poor girl leap again to see her own native home, and not the less so, as the "Honourable Mrs. Coutrain;" and many a dream did she indulge in, of taking precedence of divers dames and misses who on previous occasions had been more reserved than gracious. Why, she should eclipse the very daughters of the representative himself!!

There were one or two points, however, on which she deemed it advisable to pave the way, and she ventured to intimate that her father, although of the highest respectability, was rather old-fashioned in his notions, and very particular; consequently, although every thing was exceedingly comfortable, and indeed handsome, that there would be found a little falling off of that fashion and effect to which Coutrain had been at all times habituated.

It so chanced, the post-boys having exercised unusual alacrity, that they arrived at the gloomy and trade-stirring town of ——— an hour or so sooner than was expected. "There's Mrs. Nobbs. How d'ye do; how d'ye do?" exclaimed Phœbe, bolting her head direct out of the carriage window, and addressing a squat-looking female of no very aristo-

cratic appearance. "Surely you had better sit quiet," said Coutrain; "you will bring on one of your headaches." At this instant the carriage drew up to a respectable old-fashioned house, surrounded by divers courts, yards, and indescribable out-buildings. A floundering, slip-shod damsel made her appearance at the door, and instantly retreated, and some moments elapsed before there was any further recognition of their arrival: at last a lad some ten years of age, and low of his years, bedizened out in a blue frock coat fringed with red, with his hand at his forehead, came forth. "Where is John, eh, Robert?" exclaimed Mrs. Coutrain, anxious for appearances, and somewhat mortified at not seeing the proper footman. "He is not out of the office yet," said the lad, grinning at being recognized; "we did not fancy you would come so soon." Mrs. Coutrain made no observation, and proceeded to the drawing-room, just as the afore-mentioned damsel was making her retreat by the door opposite; and the covers yet remaining on a stray chair or two, and the knobs of the bright fire-irons still wrapt in green baize, demonstrated that if their arrival had been delayed an hour or two, it would have been quite as convenient. Mama, ready dressed for dinner, in a silk that rustled like a mainsail in a storm, gave them in a few minutes a most cordial greeting.

The Isle of Wight and its beauties, and the dinner, having been duly discussed, Mr. Wiggins, who was at all times, till refreshed by generous viands, rather reserved, began to be more communicative. "A very pretty town you will find this, sir," pursued he; "and vastly genteel. I was thinking it would not suit you and Phœbe badly as a residence, and there is a snug bit of a dwelling just opposite my warehouse, quite large enough for you two at *present*," looking with a significant glance which savoured more of truth than elegance at his daughter; "and then I might come in at whiles," growing warm and eloquent as he proceeded, "while the blubber is boiling, and get a bit of a gossip." Coutrain briefly assured him that if in other respects the house suited, it would be a great additional inducement. During the whole of this pleasing and judicious conversation, there was an eternal thump, thump, thump, just at the back of the sideboard. "Your neighbours are riotous this afternoon," said Coutrain, not sorry perhaps to change the conversation. "I don't understand it," said the worthy host, taking out his watch, "it's past six, it ought to have stopped. It is only the engine in the warehouse, sir; perhaps you find it disagreeable—we did at first, but are now so used to it we scarcely know when it stops. Myself I like it prodigiously, though I like to be genteel, and come in myself of an evening, and take my wine—help yourself, sir—it stops all tricks; I know how things are going as well as if I was there." Coutrain pronounced it a great convenience.

On the day following, the house of Mr. Wiggins was filled with all the elegant extracts of the town in which they resided; and if the truth must be confessed, if the extraction had been somewhat more concentrated, it would have gained in elegance what it lost in number. Mrs. Coutrain was in high spirits, and although being fully conscious of her newly-acquired dignity, she in some measure attempted to play the fine lady, yet her natural hilarity in most cases got the better of it, and deep was the giggling and loud was the merriment with her old acquaintances, sounding in the ears of her husband highly cacophonous. There did not appear an eligible acquaintance for him out of the whole selection; and although his father-in-law assured him that he had a very pleasant party in store for him on that very day, with two majors of artillery and a regular baronet among the company, yet Coutrain could not disguise from himself that the general style of living was far lower than he, although he was, as he fancied, pretty well prepared, had ever imagined.

His lady, when apart from her family, had never appeared to him so much below the general tone of good society. She was drilled and lectured by him in no very measured terms, and bore it all with infinite good temper, but to no purpose; the very next meeting her familiarity got the better of her propriety, and betrayed her into some horrible outrage against the rigid exactions of good breeding. Day after day Mrs. Coutrain, with cards a trifle larger than any ever before made by a stationer, blazoned with her honours, returned her visits, seldom or never accompanied by her husband. To him his present life was insupportable! every joy was a dried-up source, and she who should have been the beacon towards which his restless spirit could turn with hope of consolation, had already ceased to be lovely in his eyes. Their bickerings for some time were merely a source of private discord; but such matters soon became subjects of notoriety in a quiet and observing family. For some time Mr. Wiggins adopted palliatives, which were succeeded by expostulations; but as Sir Anthony Absolute's kicks descended through the footman to the shoe-boy, so poor Phœbe received fourfold the ill will of the whole family towards her husband in her own suffering person.

Certain intimations respecting Coutrain came to the ears of Mr. Wiggins, who thought it necessary to lose no time in disclosing them to his son-in-law in terms of no measured reproach, ending, as a climax, by saying that such tricks would not pass with him, for if Coutrain knew London so did he, as indeed he ought, having been there, first and last, no less than a whole month.

Whether it was fear of Mr. Wiggins's acknowledged sagacity that accelerated the catastrophe, I will not take upon me to say; but on the same day the lady's maid of Phœbe was missing at her accustomed toilet, —and John, with his true cucumber curve of leg, and Peter, a perfect personification of blubber, were duly waiting at the dinner table, the viands fast cooling, but no Mr. Coutrain appeared. Surprise was followed by wonder, wonder ripened into fear, which, by a train of circumstances not worth detailing, at last amounted to a certainty that the Honourable Charles Coutrain had eloped with the handmaid of his wife, just six months espoused. In closing our narrative we must leave the disconsolate Phœbe, briefly to trace the result of her husband's machinations.

On the morning which followed his abrupt departure, while sitting pensively at a window looking on the sea, the waiter of the hotel announced to him that a lady desired to speak to him for a moment. At first he hesitated, but on hearing that she was an invalid who had been some time resident, he assented. On entering the apartment, recumbent on a couch lay a female whose now wan cheek told that she had once been beautiful, but the worm of death was fast feeding on her emaciated form. At first he did not recognise her features, but as she smiled and raised her hand, the recollection of Harriet Belmont thrilled through every vein. "I heard that you and your happy bride," said she in a shrill but feeble voice, "arrived here last night; and as this world is not long for me, Charles, and I may see you no more, I thought I might without affectation give you my blessing 'before I go hence and am no more seen.' I am too weak to speak long, but there is one subject I would mention, and I speak of it but to apprize you. When we last parted I craved your attention, but it was more happily engrossed; it had been my intention to tell you that my uncle had just left me large possessions; the will has just been reversed, and the debts I then cancelled on your behalf are now again still outstanding against you." Here her voice failed, and she became delirious, and Coutrain was obliged to leave the apartment, to make way for her nurse and physician.

Two things rushed on his mind, that it was Lady Harriet who had so

mysteriously kept his creditors in abeyance, even perhaps while she was daily sinking under his neglect, and that by the failure of her resources he was yet a ruined man.

He was never heard of more from that day, but in a boat that drifted ashore from an outward-bound vessel was found his cloak, and it is generally conjectured that the wilds of America now hold within their pine forests and solitudes a man whom the mysterious but even hand of justice dooms to expiate in sorrow the crimes and follies of an idle and mispent life.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

O GIVE me yet another lay,
One Song of Scotland ere we part,
Thou dost not know the magic sway,
Such accents hold upon my heart.

They lead me back to girlhood's hour,
When Music's spell my soul possest ;
And when of all its treasured lore,
I loved the Songs of Scotland best.

I sung them in the glittering throng,
And oft, when pressed to change the strain,
Coldly I breathed the chosen song,
Then turned to Scotland's lays again.

I murmured them alone—and then,
With fancied scenes my sight was glad,
I wandered through some northern glen
In silken snood, and robe of plaid.

I watched the waterfall's white spray,
Wove garlands of the yellow broom,
Heard the sweet mavis pour its lay,
And saw the opening gowans bloom.

Those days have past—I now repress
The waking dreams indulged before,
The charm of Fancy sways me less,
The power of Custom rules me more.

And varied songs attract my praise,
The German strain of wild romance ;
Soft Italy's subduing lays,
And the light airs of merry France.

Yet when the simple melodies
Of bonny Scotland greet my ear,
Forth at the potent call arise
Feelings and thoughts long prized and dear.

My sunny girlhood smiles again,
And, 'midst a world of strife and art,
The Songs of Scotland still retain
Their early empire o'er my heart !

M. A.

THE SCLAVONIANS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Few people on the shores of the Mediterranean, from the Straits of Gibraltar to those of the Bosphorus, from the end of the Adriatic to the mouth of the Nile, bear a worse character than the fellows about "La bocca di Cattaro." They are an outward branch of the great Slave or Sclavonian tree, whose roots and ramifications occupy so vast a portion of the European continent under the different appellations of Russians, Poles, Wallachians, Bosnians, Servians, Croatsians, Dalmatians, &c. to which last-named tribe they more immediately belong.

——— La terra fertile e molle
Simili a se gli abitator' produce,

says Tasso, and *vice versa*; and pirates, not to speak of other respectable characters, seem as natural to certain countries as any indigenous vegetable production—as the fir tree to the Alps, or the thistle to Scotland. All the southern side of the Adriatic Sea—a long line of rocky coast, indented with secure and capacious harbours, covered with a string of islands, and almost in sight of the Italian shores opposite, always disposed natives and strangers to the practice of navigation, and to what in rude, unsettled times will be its most profitable end—piracy. The Liburnians, the earliest tenants of these parts of which we have any historical account, with their boats or brigantines, and bold incursions, gave plenty of work to the Romans; and when the Dalmatians superseded them, they began to construct barks after the fashion of the old Liburnians, and in every thing to take up their modes of life. For centuries they were masters of the Adriatic; they ravaged the coasts of Italy, and checked the growing trade and prosperity of Venice. That republic, in the long scroll of her fame, has no event more truly glorious to point at, than her suppression of their disorders, which, after much bloodshed and heroic sacrifice, she completed in the twelfth century. Long, however, after that period, though no longer exercised as the unique business of the state, as it had been before, and as the Algerines and others have been shamefully permitted to exercise it, even to our days, piracy continued an occasional resource of the Dalmatians, and the devastations and cruelties of their forefathers (a scourge so dreadful that a special clause had been introduced into the Litanies of Italy, praying to avert it) were not unfrequently heard of till the period of the late war, when, as more than a counterpart to the *land* supremacy of the French, the English were so completely masters of the sea, and for particular objects so vigilant in these parts of their watery domain, that not a boat could quit the shores of the Adriatic without being overhauled by them.

A glance on the map at the situation of the "Bocca di Cattaro," at the head of the Adriatic gulf, and near the long lawless regions of the Monte Negrini, will show my reader how favourable it is for a pirate's port, and he will not wonder that its inhabitants should have been signalized among the Dalmatian marauders, and even have carried on a little "free trade," and an occasional "buccaneering," after the decline of the profession on the rest of the coast.

The first time I was in their neighbourhood, and heard any thing about them, was in the autumn of 1816, after having been blown out of the Adriatic by a most tremendous *borer*. It was a few months later, while loitering for two or three days at that most melancholy—most *mal-aria*-ish of towns, Brundisium, that I saw a little of the Bocca di Cattaro folk. I had been admiring in the ancient port a

couple of beautiful boats, which with their lofty and strong beaks, and light bodies, were evidently the lineal descendants of the Liburniæ, or ancient brigantines of the opposite coast, and had seated myself near an old house that my *cicerone* (an old priest of the town) most confidently assured me was the identical house where Horace reposed, after his indolent but immortal journey. I had seated myself, I say, close to these walls, to make a sketch of two imposing ancient columns that stand at the head of the inner port of Brindisi,* when of a sudden my attention was diverted by the quarrelsome tones of men speaking in an "unknown tongue"—for such, at least, was the Sclavonian to me. I turned and looked. There was a party of oddly dressed sailors close at hand. They wore loose blue linen or cotton trowsers, a red sash round the waist, immense mustachios, and but for the round hat they had on their heads, they would have looked very much like Greek islanders, who *did* and *do* occasionally frequent this Italian seaport. They were a fine athletic set of fellows, but had an expression of wildness or ferocity which struck me, though I had been for a good many months familiar with the not very quiet or amiable countenances of that portion of his Majesty of Naples's subjects who dwell about Apulia and the remote provinces of Bari, and Lecce, and Taranto, and the Calabrias. The quarrel waxed louder—the subject of dispute appeared to be only a *coffana*, or basket of fresh figs; but had it been the possession, in fee simple, of one of the wide provinces I have just named, the disputants could scarcely have displayed more vehemence and energy. The perpendicular line of one of the ancient columns remained suspended at the point of my pencil; but the next moment I saw a sturdy mariner, whom one would have thought almost as "firm-set" as the architectural marble, fall and describe an horizontal line with the earth, while another of the controvertialists waved a long dagger over him.

"Santissimo! only look at these fellows from the Bocca di Cattaro!" exclaimed the old priest by my side. A general cry was raised by sailors and porters, custom-house soldiers, and all who thronged the port. The Sclavonians drew each his dagger, and forming into two troops, as they had been two parties in the quarrel about the figs, a pretty battle was beginning, when a strong body of the "Guardia civica" ran down from the town, and interfered. At length a commissary of police took the fellow who had dealt the first blow into custody, and saw the rest of the turbulent Sclavonians sent on board their boats, which presently were separated from each other, one being pulled by the Neapolitan peace-makers to the outer port, and moored under the guns of a little old castle that commands its very narrow entrance. The mariner who had fallen still breathed. In regard to his soul's health some fellows ran to call a priest, (a surgeon was never thought of,) but before the tinkling bells and the extreme unction arrived, the Sclavonian stretched out his limbs a little, and died.

The whole of this scene occupied but a very few minutes. When it was over, I looked in the face of my old *cicerone*, with an expression, probably, of the same surprise, mixed with horror, I saw on his own pale countenance. "*Che sangue bollente* (what boiling blood) have these youths from the Bocca di Cattaro! did you ever see?" said he, crossing himself again and again. After a short silence he continued, "Our authorities have succeeded in securing peace here, but depend upon it, signor, that no sooner will these Sclavonians meet on the other side of the water, than they will settle their accounts in their own way. Madonna mia! but they are a desperate, revengeful set, and not a brother, or a cousin, or a relative, however remote, of the man who has been assassinated here this morning, will ever rest in his bed until the debt of

* The modern name of Brundisium.

blood be paid; you may take my word for that, signor—*hanno tutti, il diavolo in corpo.*

Whether the priest was correct I had no opportunity of ascertaining, and what became of the assassin, who was carried off to prison while I was finishing my sketch, I know not, as I left Brundisium and that part of the country on the following day, and never returned.

Except an occasional glance at some other points of the Italian shores on the Adriatic, I saw nothing of these Slavonians for some years—not, indeed, until 1823, when embarking with my friend the Prince d'I——, at Manfredonia, for the small town of Peschici. I saw them there in a much more amiable light than at Brindisi. It was evening as we went to our boat; the old church bells of Manfredonia were chiming the "Ave Maria," and the crews of sundry Slavonian boats, that had just arrived in the little port, were singing their evening hymn to the Virgin with great apparent devotion, and with positive good harmony.

The next time I fell upon them, was in countries where the crescent is triumphant over the cross. It was at Smyrna, and, "out upon time!" also at the distance of some four years. Here there were a good many Bocca di Cattaro heroes employed, chiefly as boatmen, and enjoying a very indifferent reputation. They were just as quarrelsome and revengeful as lower down the Mediterranean, and in the Adriatic. They hated the Greeks, and the Greeks hated them with a cordial hatred.

After the battle of Navarino, when things wore rather a stormy aspect, the Pasha of Smyrna ordered a good many of these Slavonians to be gone; and I remember an animated scene that ensued from the meeting of a party of them (while labouring under this annoyance) and a party of Greeks. The Slavonians cursed the Greeks as the cause of all their misfortunes—the Greeks had taken their bread out of their mouths—but for the Greeks there would have been no battle, of Navarino; and but for the battle of Navarino, the Pasha would never have thought of sending the honest Slavonians—to the devil. The Greeks of Smyrna are rather an amiable set, they are not brave, or prompt at knife and stiletto; but most of the palikari from the islands are both, and as some of these islanders came up, there was a pleasant prospect of a fight; when lo! Hadji-bey, the chief of the Turkish police, rode to the spot in a tinsel covered saddle, and on a mule, and backed by some two hundred grim looking yebecks, dispersed the crowd, and called the contending Christians by names too gross to be repeated.

At Constantinople, though I did not see so much, (for the days of their pre-eminence then were gone by,) I heard a great deal more of my energetic Slavonians than at Smyrna. An old friend of mine had an old gardener of that breed, and *de plus*, an admirable way of telling old stories. The sight of old Luco, who was generally drunk, and always an odd looking fellow, would frequently bring the subject into our heads; and my friend, whilst I listened, would talk somewhat after this guise.

"There are still a good many Slavonians employed about here, as gardeners. Some are still to be found in personal attendance on great Turks; but in former days nearly all the gardeners were Slavonians, and a great Turk was rarely indeed found without one confidential body servant of that stock. Here, as elsewhere, they were quarrelsome and violent, but they enjoyed a high character for honesty, attachment, and fidelity to their masters, and to those who could once secure their good will. They were always as ready to risk life for a friend, as to kill an enemy. But giving or taking life never seemed to them of much consequence. The greater part of them came from about the Bocca di Cattaro. Whole colonies of them were established about the villages of Therapia and Buyukdere, where they cultivated the vineyards on the hills that overlook the Bosphorus. They sometimes cut each other's throats, but

they would not permit a Turk or any body else to perform that office on one of the race with impunity. They were always unanimous, and united against their common foe, the insolent Janissaries, and many a fight have I seen the Sclavonians engaged in with the Janissaries and the Asiatics, who used to garrison the forts on the Bosphorus. They always shewed great bravery. Once in particular, I remember, (it was in the times of Sultan Selim, and before the Nizam-djedid,) an inferior force of the Sclavonian vine-dressers from the hills, drove the Janissaries all out of Therapia, and kept possession of the village for a day and a night.

"When I was a youth, my father had a Sclavonian gardener, as turbulent, but as true a fellow as ever lived. At that time I preferred shooting, to the books and the counting-house at Galata; Yovo liked the same exercise better than gardening, and as he was a bold one my father could depend upon, he generally accompanied me when I went to the Forest of Belgrade or elsewhere. He was with me as usual, when one evening returning homeward, I was crossing the lonely valley of Gul-dere by the mouth of the Black Sea. I was ascending a narrow, rough path, with brush and underwood growing on each side, when I was suddenly startled by the sight of a high green turban of some Turk, who appeared to be *fixing* me. The next instant a bullet whizzed past my ear. It was not from, but at the bush—the green turban fell and disappeared, and one low groan followed its disappearance. Then Yovo with a drawn knife rushed by me almost as quick as his bullet, and pounced upon the fallen Turk. 'He is done for,' I heard him cry from the bush, and then he dragged the body a little way out upon the path. As soon as surprise and horror permitted me, I went up to my Sclavonian and asked him in God's name, what he had been doing. 'Doing,' said he; by the Virgin! if I had not done what I have been doing, you would have been a dead man instead of the Osmanly, by this time! Did you not see him aiming at you with his long gun? I had just time to come in sight, from behind that tree, there, to present, and to fire. It was, who should be first—he at your hat, or I at his turban!"

"Now, though I had certainly seen the Turk, or rather his high green turban, among the bushes, and had been somewhat alarmed thereat, I cannot positively say that he had pointed either gun or pistol at me; however, it is probable he might have been doing so, or preparing for it. My scruples as to that point, which I then felt rather acutely, and still feel occasionally, seemed altogether unknown to Yovo, who stood looking at the prostrate Osmanly, or rather at his clothes and arms—calculating, probably, what they were worth.

"The Emir, or the son of the daughters of the prophet,* was a sturdy fellow—particularly well attired and armed. My Sclavonian's ball, which had gone into his forehead, a little below the line of his turban, had caused instant death. Hostilities once declared, in so decided a manner on our part, it was as well it did so, for Yovo had no pistols to oppose to the loaded brace in the Emir's girdle, and only a short *couteau-de-chasse* to measure with his yataghan; and I, besides being a mere stripling, and unused to such contests, had only a fowling-piece, which I had discharged in the air a few minutes before, to bring up Yovo, who was loitering behind. Had the Sclavonian's aim been somewhat less correct, it is therefore probable, that long before these calculations came into my head, the Turk would have been performing the same office to Yovo, that that trusty fellow was now doing to him, *i. e.* stowing him away in the bushes—or he might have been making mince meat of me.

"This was the first time I had ever witnessed the destruction of human life, and I confess I was glad when I saw the pale, cold looking body

* None but these are permitted to wear the green turban.

disappear in the thick brake. I would then have run from the spot, but Yovo had still some business to perform; he surveyed the spot very attentively—he knotted the trunk of a small tree that stood on the edge of the path, nearly opposite—he piled two or three stones nearer to the spot where his victim had fallen, and then looking carefully around, up the valley and down, and to the hills at some distance, and seeing that all was quiet, that nobody could have observed us, and that the shades of evening were falling very fast, he coolly said it was time to go home, and walked on before me. Horror struck—panic struck as I was, when once in motion, I could not moderate my pace, and I fairly ran from the horrid place, and continued running, with Yovo after me, bawling to me to walk like a gentleman, until I reached the ridge of hills that overlook the village of Therapia, where we were staying at the time.

“I ate no supper that night, nor did I sleep any more than I ate. The event had no such effects on my Slavonian, who merely cautioned me not to tell the story just yet, and went away to his cottage in my father’s garden. The next morning I found him singing away at a Slavonian song, in the midst of his cabbages, and evidently thinking no more of the “dead shot” of the preceding evening, than if it had levelled a roebuck or a wild boar. I wanted to ask him whether any Osmanly had been missing from Buyukdere, or any other of the neighbouring villages, and whether any stir had been made; but the words stuck in my throat, and nothing was said on the subject, until Yovo took up a close, compact cabbage, of rather a deep green colour, and holding it at his arm’s length, said in an under tone of voice, and with a complacent grin, “This is not much unlike the green-head we shot yesterday—is it?” He then, with his right hand, threw his gardening knife at the cabbage, and as its sharp point penetrated the closely-laid leaves of the plant, he grinned just such another grin as I had seen on his countenance when he eyed the hole his bullet had made in the Emir’s skull. I walked away shuddering. A morning, or perhaps it was two mornings after, I found him again in the garden. This time he ran towards me with a joyful countenance, and saying, ‘Come, see! the bird was worth the shot—the buck skinned well—come, see!’ he led me to his cabane, where, from an heterogeneous mass of old clothes, mats, and gardening implements, he withdrew a very good Angora shawl, a green turban shawl, a pair of good yellow papooshes, an old English watch in a shagreen case, an Albanian tophaik, a Damascus blade, a pair of pistols, which I had now senses to perceive were handsomely mounted in silver, and sundry other articles, late of the Osmanly defunct in the vale of Gul-derè.

“‘A very pretty prize indeed, Yovo,’ said I, (and at that time I attributed their full value, at least, to such articles as guns and pistols;) ‘but are you not afraid of the things being found upon you?—has nothing been said about a Turk missing?’

“‘I am no such gannabet,’* said the Slavonian, with another complacent grin. ‘Why did I wait till the depth of last night, to go peel the dog where I killed him, but to see if any stir was making; neither the village of Belgrade, nor Bukuydere, nor any one of the villages hereabouts, has missed one of its thick skulls—the infidel was not of this neighbourhood, depend upon it. But, to be sure, I will wait a little longer before I offer his shawls for sale, or wear his arms; and will spend this money the while.’ And he drew out and emptied a narrow long purse, not unlike the skin of a black pudding, which he had found in the Osmanly’s girdle, and which probably, in rubiehs and paras, did not amount to much more than the value of ten English shillings; for the Turks spend all their money on their dresses and arms.

* Turkish, for an unlucky fellow.

"It was an established custom for the Slavonians in these parts to elect a Capo, or chief, just as the Neapolitan lazzaroni used to do before their privileges were destroyed by the French. The fellow chosen was always the boldest, and strongest, or most expert of the colony; and as he enjoyed great consideration and many advantages of different kinds, the post was looked to with about as much anxiety and jealousy as an elective crown. But it was a feat of strength or address that determined the election of the Slavonians. The competitors were accustomed to assemble in the place opposite our house here at Therapia, now an English gentleman's garden, but then an open place of public resort much frequented by the Slavonians. They ran at a tree, leaping from the ground as they approached it, and grasping with one hand at the boughs. Now he who could attain the highest bough, and longest support himself by the arm, firm and unwavering, was carried off in triumph, and proclaimed chief. At one of these elections my friend Yovo was an unsuccessful candidate. To the anguish of disappointment was added an old hatred to the successful swinger by the arm, which latter feeling was shared by a numerous party among the Slavonians, who did not like to have him for their Capo. Yovo, well backed, cut the matter short; for as the sturdy fellow was swinging at the bough, he crept under the tree, and applied a knife to his exposed heart. The happy victor fell dead at his feet.

"A pretty fight might now have been expected, but Yovo's party was by far the strongest; the victor was indeed generally unpopular, and nothing of the sort occurred. Only a friend of the deceased took his sash, covered with blood, from his loins, and dipped the broad sleeve of his shirt in the blood on the ground, and then walked off.

"The rest of the Slavonians calmly proceeded to a new trial, and as the second victor was not so unpopular as the first, nor so much hated by Yovo, my friend did not interfere with his triumph, and he remained chief.

"People would often say that Yovo would pay with his own blood for what he had done; but months—years passed away, and nobody appeared to settle his account. He was thinking no more of the dead Slavonian than the dead Turk, for nearly ten years had elapsed, when one evening he joined a party of his companions who were carousing in a wine cellar by the port of Therapia. As he entered, his health was drank in a sort of *brindisi*. Being by this time considerably past the prime of life, he always seated himself among the graver members of his class—the elders of the Slavonian colony; but this evening a stripling who had no right to such a distinction, seemed particularly anxious to intrude himself in the higher places, and to approach Yovo's person. Yovo had never seen the youth before, and was wondering what his impertinence could mean, when a comrade rising to procure more wine, left the stranger next to our gardener. A knife-thrust, not so strong perhaps, but quite as efficacious as that given beneath the tree, presently made the stripling's intentions evident, and Yovo rose, staggered, and fell dead, on the floor of the wine cellar—and thus we lost a very faithful servant.

"The whole matter was quite simple and natural to the Slavonians. The man who had dipped his sleeve in the blood of his friend under the tree, had returned home and given the token of revenge to the wife of the deceased. She had only one son of tender years; but the clothes stained with his father's blood were carefully preserved and shown to him daily; and when his arm was deemed strong enough to avenge his father's death, he took his departure from the Bocca di Cattaro, loaded with the blessings of his mother and his kindred, and arriving at Constantinople, settled Yovo's accounts as I have told you."